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OLD HULDAH.

A Ballad of Marblehead.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

The fisherman stood all day by the beach—
Stood where the breakers thundered in,
And heard the sound of the sea-birds' screech,
And dash of waves on the rocks of Lynn.

"The storm is fierce," said the fisher old.
"And the wind is wild," the fisher said.
"The rocks are sharp, and the shore is bold
Where the p'int makes out from Marblehead.

"And ev'ry ship that is now at sea,
Bound in to Lynn or to Marblehead,
Must keep the light three points on the lee,
Or be wrecked." So the fisher said.

But not a pilot ventured out—
The storm was fierce and the wind was wild,
And the daring pilot, swart and stout,
Still thought of home and his wife and child—

Thought of them both, as the wind made moan,
The wind made moan to the breakers' shock;
For the world is hard to the left alone,
Harder than any New England rock.

So the fisher waited by the shore,
Hearing the waves and the breakers' din,
And just at dusk, 'midst the tempest's roar,
The good ship Rina came sailing in.

Staysails set and her courses furled,
Goose-winged topsail upon her main,
To and fro was the good ship hurled
Over the ocean's watery plain.

Plain no longer, for mountain waves
Broke the sea into furrows vast;
The white caps rose over countless graves
As the tempest thundered past.

Up spoke Huldah, the fisher's wife,
Brown old dame of the fishing coast:
"Where's the pilot? Every life
Is saved if he keeps his post."

"There is no pilot at sea to-night,"
Said Abner Jackson, the skipper's son;
While over the waters came the light
And booming crash of a signal-gun.

"Heavens! They are fetching past the land,
Past the point—they will strike the rock!"
Said Jotham Davis. Close at hand
Came a crash and a rending shock.

Man the lifeboat! No man stirred;
Over the din of wind and wave,
Over the tempest's strife was heard
"Save!" but no human hand could save.

Clinging to the wave-washed deck,
Men and women in wild despair
Sent their pleading from off the wreck,
Shuddering on the startled air.

Then spoke Huldah, the fisher's wife:
"Does not a man to save them dare?
Will ye stand for a worthless life,
While they cry in their wild despair?

"Shame on ye, men! A woman's hand
Shall do the deed ye dare not try!
Who'll go with me from off the land?"
"I will! and I! and I! and I!"

There they stood in the dying light,
Down by the boat, with oars in hand—
Five brave women. A braver sight
Never looked on sea or land.

Up spoke gruffly old Fisher Ben,
Scarred old Triton of the sea:
"Man that boat! Such a sight, my men,
Never on earth was seen by me.

"All we can do at worst is die.
Better die," the old Triton said,
"Than live as cowards 'neath the eye
Of the women of Marblehead."

Abner Jackson then stepped out,
Jotham Davis and Skipper Ben,
Elijah Norcross, and Ireson, stout—
Thank, they left, was the place for men.

Out past the point where mountain high
Crested billows in foam were tost,
Sometimes plain on the stormy sky,
Sometimes hidden and almost lost.

Round the point, on the stormy wave,
They reach the rock in the gale the wreck;
Every life they seek to save
Safe is taken from off the deck.

And now strain hard, the goal is near,
Each hand presses a bending oar;
Shout, O fishermen! cheer on cheer—
Shout, for they have reached the shore.

That was many a year agone—
Many a fisherman is dead
Who saw the ship come sailing on
Through the surf-roll of Marblehead.

Many a man who saw her sail,
Foam on her prow, and rocks a-lee,
With no breath of an earthly gale,
Sails the waves of a shoreless sea.

The fisher old, with aching joint,
Tells how the ship came sailing in,
Wrecked on rocks beyond the point,
Left her bones by the coast of Lynn.

This is true; for, one stormy day,
While I watched a passing sail,
The clouds hung over dim and gray,
A fisher told to me the tale.

Close to the point the rocks still lie,
And any fisher were better dead
Than a coward beneath the eye
Of the women of Marblehead.

STELLA NEWTON;

OR,

LOVE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTMAS BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Caution is a brave man's attribute.
Were there no fools, the world would soon
Be rid of all its knaves, for they
Must prey on one another.

That same evening Stephen walked over in the darkness to the Box, and Sir Richard Wildfang was in possession of a full report of the meeting and conversation of the lovers. Stephen, as before, was warned to be careful, and dismissed with the injunction to be all eyes and ears.

The next day Sir Richard rode over to the Vale, said nothing of the intimacy between Stella and Louis Felton, but simply professed his willingness to wait until Miss Newton's feelings warmed towards him, and, with a cordial pressure of the hand, added to the anxious and worldly mamma:

"Time, my dear madam, works wonders. Your daughter is not half time enough yet to understand the worth of such love as mine. I am quite willing to wait until she learns to look upon my suit with favor."

Then he pressed her hand again and departed, saying, as he left the room:

"I am going up to town to-morrow, and I may be compelled to remain some few days. When I come back I hope to find fortune more favorable towards me!"

Mrs. Newton hoped so too with all her heart, and Stella, coming in a few minutes after, had to endure another panegyric on Sir Richard. She sat silent, however, and answered it with a good grace. She felt, now that she had Louis' love to strengthen her, able to endure anything. So Sir Richard went to town and was once more shut up in his luxurious private counting-house, and Mr. Dewlap once more came to make his report.

Alas! it was not a brighter one than that which had so affected Sir Richard before Christmas. Luck, which had so long stood in Sir Richard Wildfang's favor, had taken a turn, and now presented her scornful, immovable back. Mr. Dewlap sat and poured out his tale with sorrowful, broken sentences.

Two of the large houses upon which Sir Richard relied were tottering, and must inevitably fall within a month. Stocks to which he had clung with ill-fated tenacity had depreciated at the moment when they had to be sold to raise the money.

One by one the supports of his commercial existence were being withdrawn from under him; and Mr. Dewlap wound up his dolorous statement by declaring that if something in the shape of a miracle did not occur in their favor, ruin would once for all level the great commercial house of Wildfang & Co. to the ground. Sir Richard dismissed his confidential manager and set his teeth firm.

"No time to lose," he muttered. "The girl's money alone can save me. It is a question even if that can."

Then he took a piece of paper and worked out a complicated calculation, and, staring at the result, rose from his chair, pale with determination.

"It must be done!" he muttered; "all must go but that. What can I do with it? Where shall I put it?"

He walked up and down for a few minutes, then smiled.

"I have it! No place could be safer or less open to suspicion."

Then he put on his hat and walked down to a club of which he and Lord Marmion were members. He found the simple-hearted young nobleman in the smoking-room.

"My dear Marmion, how do you do?" he said with his pleasantest smile. "I thought you were down at Dovewell."

"No," said Lord Marmion, wringing his hand. "No; I can't stand the country long. I must have my club and the town amusements. But you have been down vegetating at Heathborne, haven't you?"

"Yes," said Sir Richard. "I have taken a shooting-box near there, and very happy I shall be to see you. There are some pheasants still to be had."

"I'll come and shoot 'em," said his lordship. "I am very glad to see you to-night," he resumed, as Sir Richard lit a cigar and threw himself down upon the settee. "You remember my mentioning that money of Miss Newton's?"

Sir Richard nodded with a careless air.

"Well, I have been looking into the matter, and I should like you to take it as soon as you can. When will you have it?"

"To-morrow, if you like," said Sir Richard. "How much is it?"

"Forty thousand pounds odd," said his lordship. "But you will have to invest it, and it will give you a great deal of trouble."

"No," said Sir Richard, "I'll tell you what I will do if you like. I will take it on my own responsibility, and give you five per cent. on it. Mind, I do not want it particularly, but we can always find a use for money."

"Of course," said Lord Marmion. "What a wonderful head you must have! I really envy you business men your brains. By the way, perhaps you can do the same with some spare cash of mine? I have five or ten thousand I don't know what to do with."

Sir Richard's heart beat fast. Five or ten thousand would help feather his nest beautifully, and the silly young lord wouldn't miss it, with his thirty thousand a year!

"Yes, I will take it," he said, "if you can let me have it at once."

"I'll send you a check for the two," said Lord Marmion.

Sir Richard nodded, sipped his claret, and changed the conversation. He stayed late that night, and when he unlocked the door of his dressing-room his face was flushed and his eyes sparkled. Sir Richard was in that state of excitement which all men, be they bold as they may, feel on the verge of a great crime.

For him there was no bed that night. The morning saw him still bending over his desk, making calculations from his ledger and day-books.

Once only he had given way to the fatigue which had settled on him, and then he woke from an uneasy slumber, starting like a man under the influence of nightmare, and muttering, "Lucy! Lucy!"

While Sir Richard was at work, darkly, mysteriously, in London, Louis was laboring little less arduously at Heavithorne.

The statue was gaining form and grace each day, and he worked with a restless impatience, which sprang from one other cause besides his artistic enthusiasm. He had seen nothing of Stella since the day Sir Richard had frightened her away.

Several times he had taken a walk through the park in the hope of seeing her, and once, driven to rashness by his lover-like impatience, he had called at the Vale. But Miss Newton was denied to him, and there was nothing for it but to return home and try to lose himself and his longing in his work.

Four days passed, and still no Stella! On the fourth day he called at the Vale again, and was again refused.

Then he grew alarmed, and sent Stephen to watch the house, on the chance of delivering a message to Stella if he should see her, or at least of hearing that all was well. Stephen watched until the sixth day, and saw neither Stella nor Mrs. Newton, and Louis was almost in despair. On the seventh day Louis, while climbing the hill from the vale, saw the Vale carriage coming down towards him. His heart beat fast, and he stood still.

But the carriage rolled on, and in response to his raised hat there was only a frosty little bow from Mrs. Newton, who did not choose to stop for Mr. Felton, the sculptor. From Stella he got a smile that was full of a tender meaning and which seemed to say:

"Be patient; I am true!"

With this he was obliged to be satisfied, and returned to his studio, determined to work harder than ever, and wait with greater trust. No sooner had he reached home than Stephen came to him and held out a tiny piece of folded pasteboard.

"What is that?" said Louis, with weary irritation.

"A note," said Stephen sullenly.

"Where from?" asked Louis.

"From Miss Newton," said Stephen.

Louis snatched it from him.

"Where—how did you come by it?" he asked, his cheeks flushed with delight.

"I was standing on the road looking at the carriage, and saw the young lady drop it out. She looked as if she meant me to pick it up, and I did."

"Good, clever Stephen!" said Louis, and directly the man had gone he pressed the little scrap of paper to his lips. Then he opened it. The note was a very short one, but it confirmed his fears. It ran thus:

DEAR MR. FELTON (this was marked out, and "Louis" put in its place): I know you are anxious about me, because I have seen you in the park and Stephen watching the house. Do not be alarmed or uneasy, although, as I fear, I shall not be able to see you. Mamma has had her suspicions aroused, and keeps me almost a prisoner. Do not mind for me; I am happy, though I cannot see or hear you, for I remember always that you have said you love me. If you can get a note conveyed to me dear Louis —but my love is teaching me to be bold and forward. Will you forgive me, and remember that the love is for you? Yours ever STELLA.

Never was a note more incoherent—or more precious! Louis kissed it a hundred times, then stuck it up on his easel and stared at it a dozen minutes together, and at last laid it carefully away within his bosom.

Then he wrote a long letter full of his passionate love and longing, and, sealing it, called Stephen.

"Stephen," he said, "I can trust you. I have done so, and yours is not the face of a traitor. You know whom I want this note to reach. Take it, and let her have it from your own hands. Mind! no third person! Watch until you see her at a window, then place the note in some part of the garden. She will understand!"

Stephen took the letter, eyed Louis in silence, and without speaking a word left the room.

CHAPTER XIX.

Comes this from my love?
Then should the lines be writ
With liquid gold, for so my heart
They are more precious.

As soon as dinner had been removed Stephen Hargrave, as was his custom, disappeared. Louis did not wonder at him, and never asked for him; indeed, had he done so he would not have been angry at his absence, for he had taken a liking to the grim, silent fellow, and was too easy-natured to resent anything he did in the way of neglect or roughness of manner.

So Stephen Hargrave crept along through the darkness, his head bent upon his breast, his hands thrust into his pockets and his face grim and set, revealing nothing of the feelings which worked like hot lava under the volcanic crater in his bosom.

Arrived at the Box he gave the, usual signal, and Sir Richard, who had retinesced two days previously, softly opened the door for him.

"Well," he said, as the silent man passed in and stood with his rough cap in his hand. "You have something to tell me?"

Stephen nodded.

"News," he said.

"Sit down," said Sir Richard, pointing to a chair.

Stephen sat down and fixed his dark, brooding eyes on the fire. Sir Richard looked at him with his keen, hawk-like eyes as if he would read his soul.

"You have brought something?" he said.

The man sat still and looked up half fearfully.

"How do you know that?" he growled, beneath his breath. "I have."

"A letter?" said Sir Richard.

Stephen nodded.

"Give it me," said Sir Richard, holding out his hand.

Stephen gave him the letter, and with a calm smile he took it from the envelope and read it.

"Good, very good. Pretty in its way," he murmured, with a sneer. "But it is an answer. Where is her letter?"

"Could I snatch that from his breast, master?" said Stephen. "Not unless I murdered him first, and you haven't ordered me to do that yet."

"No; but if I did, would you do it?" said Sir Richard, facing him with a calm, stern regard.

"Yes, I suppose so," said Stephen, with a long sigh that was almost a smile.

"Be thankful, then, that I do not bid you walk to the gallows!" said Sir Richard. "What was her letter? You read it?"

"Yes; I melted the gum over the steam of boiling water, as you told me, and I read it. It was nothing."

And in monotonous tones he repeated the contents of Stella's note.

"Good," said Sir Richard again. "Now there is work for you to do. First, I want you to take a letter from him, but not this. This goes where all such trash should go," and with a smile he flung it on the fire.

Then Le rose and filled a liqueur glass with brandy and handed it to his slave.

"Drink it," he said.

Stephen took the glass and eyed Sir Richard over it with a look that said plainly: "Now comes the dark work for which you saved and reserved me."

Sir Richard returned to his desk, and, taking a sheet of paper, wrote a short note, pausing twice or thrice, and at last, making a satisfactory copy, threw the drafts on the fire, placed the copy in an envelope, and directed it to "Miss Newton, The Vale."

Then he turned in his chair and eyed his slave for a moment in silence.

"Here is the note," he said at last. "Deliver it to her in the place of the one you received from Louis Felton. When you have delivered it, come and tell me. That is all for the present. Afterwards there will be some work for you to do. I depend upon you doing it; am I deceived?"

"I'll do it," said Stephen gruffly. "You are my master."

"I am glad to find you grateful," said Sir Richard. "But for me—as no doubt you remember—you would be in prison now, your character gone, your self-respect lost forever—branded as a vagabond and a jail-bird!"

The man's face paled, his lips quivered, and he struck his cap with his fist.

"You're right," he said; "you saved me; I can't forget it."

Then Sir Richard, having made the desired impression, opened the door and motioned him to depart.

The next morning Stella saw from the dressing-room, the windows of which looked out at the side of the house on to a small shrubbery, a man shoveling in the shadow of the laurels. She had seen him once or twice before that week, and she recognized him immediately. Her heart beat fast and the color crimsoned her beautiful face.

"He has brought it a letter for me," she murmured. "I know it, I know it! Oh, my love, my love, every minute will seem an hour until it lies upon my heart. But how am I to get it?"

As if in answer to her mental question, Stephen made a gesture as if demanding her attention. She made a movement with her hand to signify that she saw him, and then, after looking carefully over the house and round about him, Stephen tilted up the vase which stood on a pedestal, and, placing the letter under it, dropped it into its place again.

"Clever, faithful Stephen!" she murmured.

And, hurriedly dressing herself, she found an opportunity of getting onto the lawn. With greatest care she strolled into the shrubbery and secured her precious letter.

Oh, Louis, if you had seen that vile forgery, and you could but know it as such, what would you not have endured? At last she broke the seal, and with blushing cheeks and beating heart devoured her first love-letter. It ran thus:

MY OWN.—No words could tell you what I have suffered during these last days. I have scarcely slept or eaten. Your sweet face haunts me day and night. I know now by these few days, without sight of you what I should suffer if you were lost to me forever. Stella, my darling, you were right in your estimate of Sir Richard's character. He is base, vile, treacherous. Something has occurred to convince me that my happiness is in danger, and that, unless steps are taken to frustrate his plans I shall be ruined, and our two hearts torn asunder. Stella, you alone can frustrate the vile scheme; you alone can save me! Will you do it? It will need a sacrifice—many perhaps. I cannot tell you more now, or by these means; but, if you love me, meet me at nine o'clock to-morrow night, here in the garden, at the wicket-gate. As we are watched closely, it would be better, should you see me before, to take no notice. To-morrow I look for you at nine o'clock. I know how great a thing I am asking of you, but I know your love will count it little for your own

LOUIS.

CHAPTER XX.

Begone, dull care, thou right my soul
With sickly apprehension.
Begone, or in the flowing bowl
We'll drown thee and dissension.

Stephen Hargrave waited in ambush until he had ascertained that Stella had put herself in possession of the letter; then, with downcast face and stolid mien, went about his duties of the day as silently and grimly as ever.

Once or twice he glanced with a peculiar expression at his young master, who worked at his statue all day with enthusiastic ardor, as if his life depended upon getting it done by a certain time; but whenever Louis spoke to him he answered as curtly as usual, and Sir Richard's secret was safe.

In the evening Louis sat in his studio and smoked his easy-chair in the dining-room, quite tired out; but there was satisfaction shining through all the weariness upon his face.

"Well, Stephen," he said, as the man put the dinner on, "is there any news?"

There was no occasion to specify the description required; Stephen knew as well as his master.

"No," he answered gruffly.

Louis sighed.

"Have you not seen her?"

"No."

"Have you watched?"

"I have."

"Well," said Louis with another wistful sigh, "I knew you would watch well for me, Stephen, and that I can trust you! I would give all the world for a word from her to-night. You are sure the carriage has not left the park?"

"Yes, I am," said Stephen moodily. "Hadn't you better eat your dinner? You've been working like a horse, and the things are getting cold."

Louis was more tired and disappointed than hungry, but he drew up to the table and toyed with the plain but well-cooked viands. Then he took up his letters—long blue ones, from the lawyers—and sighed over them, and at last, without a word, told Stephen to get his coat and hat.

"I can't stop in the house to-night," he murmured. "Something seems to weigh upon my spirits. If I were inclined to believe in such things or give way to them, I should say that I had a strong presentiment of coming ill. I want a walk, fresh air, and, above all, to see your sweet face, my beautiful Stella. Well, if I cannot see thee, the next best thing is to be near thee."

Stephen helped him on with his coat and handed him his hat.

"You're going out?" he said.

"It looks like it, Stephen," said Louis good-humoredly.

"To wander about the park and catch your death of cold?"

"That's as may be," retorted Louis, a little more coldly. "But you need not stay at home or wait up for me, if you want to go out or to bed."

"I'll go out, it's all the same," said Stephen.

"Very well," said Louis, and, buttoning his coat round him, he walked briskly through the hall into the night, his face turned towards the Vale, as most assuredly his heart and thoughts were also.

Stephen Hargrave waited until Louis had had time to get clear of the immediate neighborhood of the Hut, then wrapped himself up with something approaching to elegance, in his usual roundabout, careful way, reached the box. He gave the usual signal, but there came no response. Again he whistled, and without eliciting any answer.

Twice or thrice more the suppressed owl's shriek, which he had been ordered to imitate, left his lips. Then, impatient to reach the Hut again before Louis, he stole up to the window and tapped at it. Against the blind he could see the shadow of Sir Richard's head thrown in a bent position, as if he were asleep.

Very quietly and gently he tapped the window with his finger-nails, but the shadow did not move. Then, at last, fearful of the danger and delay it engendered, he crept up to the door, and, quietly opening it, entered the room. At a glance he saw that Sir Richard had fallen asleep over his desk, and, for a few moments, he stood, with the door in his hands, watching him. Then he closed the door and went up to his usual chair, seated himself, and fell to his staring at the fire moodily, prepared to wait until his master should please to awake.

Suddenly Sir Richard started in his sleep and muttered some incoherent words. Stephen paid not the slightest regard—did not appear to have heard them, even—but, with startling distinctness, Sir Richard, still in his sleep, exclaimed:

"Lucy! Lucy! Give me the boy! and throw out one hand with an expression halting midway between repulsion and entreaty.

Stephen Hargrave started and sprang from his chair, his face working horribly, his eyes filled with a horrified and threatening glare upon Sir Richard's face. The noise of his sudden uprising woke the sleeper. Sir Richard started, clenched his two hands, and, rising, stared around him.

So they stood, the two men, confronting each other, each looking as if he had been dreaming some fearful dream, or seeing some agitating vision. Sir Richard was the first to speak.

"You! How did you get in?"

At the sound of his voice Stephen Hargrave's face resumed its old expression of dogged subjection, and, with a dull sigh, he sank into the chair again.

"Through the door," he replied. "I whistled and waited until I dared wait no longer, then stopped at the window. You didn't hear me—you were asleep. You didn't want any of the servants to find me hanging about, did you?"

"Quite right," said Sir Richard, passing his hand over his face, which was still rather white and haggard. "Quite right. Well, did you deliver the letter?"

"Yes," said Stephen. "I saw her take it with her own hand."

"Good again," said Sir Richard. "Now listen," and, in clear, distinct tones, which seemed to fix the lesson upon the listener's brain as a chisel cuts an inscription on steel, Sir Richard revealed his plot and set forth the work he intended his slave to perform.

Stephen Hargrave listened attentively until Sir Richard had finished, then he took up his cap and rose.

"Is that all?"

"That is all," said Sir Richard with a cold smile. "Not a great deal, nor a very difficult undertaking; but it must be done well. No overacting the part or struggling at the last moment. You understand me?"

"I do," said the man, "and I'll do it. Afterwards—after this job is done—I can go my way, I suppose. You will have no further need of me?"

"That's as may be," said Sir Richard coldly. "I, I do, you will have to do it."

Then he filled the glass of brandy, as usual. Stephen drank it, and, with a grim "good-night," took his departure.

Louis meanwhile had reached the park, and, with the recklessness of youth, scaled the wooden palings and trespassed upon the grounds of the Vale.

It was a beautiful night, the moon nearly at the full, and he could see the outlines of the house and every window and door in it as clearly as if the sun had shone upon it. There was a light in the drawing-room, and towards this Louis was drawn as a moth is fascinated by a candle. He fancied that he could distinguish his darling's shadow upon the blinds, and he watched motionless in the cold, waiting to catch the sound of her voice.

At last his patience was rewarded—more fully and sweetly than he could have expected. The shadow disappeared from the window, and a minute or so afterwards he heard some chords struck upon the piano. He drew near the window, his heart beating wildly, his cheek flushed with expectant delight, which nearly burst forth in passionate words of love as Stella's sweet, clear voice commenced singing.

It was a mournful, sadly bewitching air, and the words—every one of which Louis could hear—harmonized in their wistful lamentation with the music.

Low sets the sun across the sands,
The heavy clouds are red with haze,
The sunlight comes in golden bands
And casts a glow upon your face.
In coming years this night, my love,
Will stand out clearly from the past;
In memory, bitter-sweet, shall prove
Our love found voice to speak at last.

A year ago we met—no more!
The twelve months seem so long, so short!
What words was life to me before
The glamour of your eyes I caught?

And now! ah, well, the tide comes in,
To-morrow again the tide goes out;
And love, like pleasure, pain, and sin,
Must take its turn and turn about.

No, keep the flowers, one and all!
Such helps to memory need I not;
Love's pride must surely have its fall,
And futile hoping be forgot.

Stella's voice quivered on the last line, and prolonged it until the full sense of it set Louis' heart aching.

"A mournful song," he murmured. "But, thank Heaven, your sadness shall be confined to love-ditties, if fate will permit me to watch over your future. 'Futile hoping be forgot!' Heaven forbid that our hoping, my darling, should be futile! Nay, the course of true love may not run smoothly, but so that it finds its way to the river of happiness at last, who of us dare complain of the rocks and weeds in our way? I will sing to you myself, and I give to stand beside you now and dispel the silence of your sadness with some more cheerful strain! Strange—there must be some sympathy between us—I, with my presentiment of coming ill heavy upon my soul, and Stella pouring out her heart's sadness in a mournful song. Bah! I do not believe in such nonsense by hunting up trouble in this way; let me wait until it comes, and, when it does, let me meet it like a man and overcome it."

Then, with a fervent good-night, which Stella, alas, could not hear, he went away moodily, scaled the palings, and returned to the Hut. It was fearfully cold, the lights—save those in his own room—were extinguished, the whole place was intensely silent.

He went to bed, but not to sleep; the presentiment took larger form in the darkness, and haunted him like a ghost, and, when he spoke with a start, some voice from within him—which seemed rather to come out of the darkness round him—wailed in harmony with the wind:

"Love's pride must surely have its fall,
And futile hoping be forgot."

The first love-letter generally brings sweet delight. Stella's first love-letter, joyfully as she had welcomed it, brought her an indescribable pain. There was a void in her heart before she had received it, and it made that void seem greater, instead of filling it as it should have done. There was something almost unsatisfying; although its professions of devotion were passionate and frequent enough, they seemed hollow and artificial. Louis did not talk so, it was utterly unlike him, and it frosted her to find his first letter so utterly unlike what she expected it would be. Then again it spoke of danger, of a pale dread of some scheme of Sir Richard's, and contained that request which would entail danger to her fair fame and name if she granted it. Meet him at night in the dark! Her cheek paled and her heart sank at the idea. In the first place, how could she leave the house undetected? In the next place, some of the servants or villagers might see her and recognize her well-known figure, disguise and muffle as she might, while she was on her way; and, lastly, how could she hope to re-enter the house unnoticed?

But love laughs at locksmiths, and Stella, once more kissing the letter, hid it in her bosom and determined to obey her lover's wish, cost her what it might. And from the moment she had so determined a presentiment, near akin to that which had fallen upon Louis, settled upon her, and, sleeping and waking, she dreamed of nothing but ill.

Under the influence of that threatening mood she had sung the song Louis had heard and sighed at; under the same heaviness she waited feverishly for the hour which the letter had appointed. It came, and chance, which brings about so much good and evil, upon whose touch weak minds tremble, stood her friend—or enemy. Mrs. Newton, complaining of bad headache, which she had brought on by worrying herself over the steward's books in a fit of parsimony, retired to her room, thinking that Stella was safe for the night, and determined that she would take her to town on the morrow.

Stella stole up to her room and slipped into her furs. Very beautiful was the picture which the mirror presented to her gaze when she stood before it, till with inflexible prudence she threw a large waterproof over the whole, drew the hood over her head, and—still pretty, despite the inartistic wrap—quietly stole down-stairs again, taking the precaution to lock the door of the boudoir and slip the key in her pocket. She was compelled to wait behind a statue of a sleeping satyr upon the stairs until a footman, who was removing the last service of the dinner from the hall, had finished his task, and even then narrowly escaped detection, for the man came back for a forgotten epergne just as the door closed after her.

CHAPTER XXI.

The dove's nature was made
To subdue the fowler's net; lovedoves beware
When they see nets, an' go not there.

As the letter had prophesied, it was a magnificent night. The moonlight lit up every tree and hedge of the snow-covered landscape.

Stella could have found her way from the Vale to the Hut in the dark; but to-night the scene was as light as day—almost too light for her safety—and she kept under the shadow of the hedges and the old wall while she was on the Vale land, and preferred walking deep in the snow when she entered the park, to be under the shelter of the trees rather than tread the hard, clean, frozen path in the full light of the calm, peaceful moon.

And now, as she neared the place of tryst, her heart beat fast and excitedly. Soon, in a few minutes, she would be with Louis; five minutes more and she would be nestling against his strong, blithe heart as the robins pressed against the strong, sturdy oaks in the park.

Then, at the bend of the path, she caught the first sight of the red curtains of the Hut, and her heart throbbed more quickly, and from her half-parted, smiling lips came the low, tender love words:

"My Louis."

She reached the wicket, and expected to find his arm round her and his words of welcome and devotion in her ears, but the whole place was silent and motionless in the calm stillness of the moonlight. Not a breath of wind stirred, not a twig of the snow-laden branches but seemed carved in ebony and ivory impossible of motion.

Amidst all her passionate eagerness Stella's heart gave a leap of fear and alarm; but she shook it off with a rallying sigh, and, placing her hand on the small wicket, waited, her face turned towards the entrance of the Hut.

Suddenly, as if it had sprung from the ground, the figure of a man stood beside her.

She turned, and the cry of alarm which she was about to utter died on her lips, frozen by fear. The man was wrapped up to the point of disguise; nothing but a pair of dark, brooding eyes were discernible, and as he laid his hand on her arm Stella had not the slightest suspicion of his identity.

"Miss Newton frightened, miss," he said in a voice of feigned thickness. "You're Miss Newton, aint you?"

"If I am," breathed Stella, "what do you want with me?"

"I've come from—you know whom."

"Speak out plainly," said Stella, pressing her hand upon her bosom and summoning up all her courage.

"From Mr. Felton, if you must have it," growled the man, evidently annoyed by her unexpected interruption. "I've come to tell you as he can't meet you here, but that you're to come with me to the carriage-entrance round at the side."

"Cannot come here!" faltered Stella. "Why not?"

"He's afraid of being watched; one as is his enemy —you don't want his name, do you?—has got some suspicion of this meeting, and all's not safe."

Stella caught the man's arm and looked round with genuine alarm.

"Sir Richard!" she exclaimed. "Near here! Come! I will go with you at once!"

The man smiled with dark meaning and tramped off. Stella followed with beating heart and anxious face. They made the curve of the fence, and came upon what was called the carriage-entrance, from the fact of the road broadening at that place and allowing of a vehicle to turn, which it could not at any other part of the drive. As they turned the corner Stella started.

"What is that?" she said, raising her hand and pointing to something black and square which stood close against the rough, uneven hedge.

"That's a carriage; it's all right," replied the man. "Mr. Felton is waiting inside."

Stella drew back and eyed her guide with a keen, piercing doubtfulness.

"A carriage!" she said. "Mr. Felton inside! I do not believe it! I will go no farther," and she drew back with a gesture of determination.

"Hush, miss! don't speak so loud," exclaimed the man, sidling up to her with a sinister scowl. "Do you want to alarm the neighborhood and call it up to find ye here? Come; you must come, now you've got thus far; it's more than I dare do to go back! Mr. Felton 'ud pay me pretty severely for such a mistake."

"No," said Stella, "I will not go! Go to Mr. Felton and tell him that I have gone back, and—and that I cannot—no, I cannot obey him!"

She turned as she spoke and gathered her wrap round her, preparatory to making good her escape; but the man, evidently divining her intention, sprang noiselessly upon her, and, taking her up in his strong arms, half carried and half dragged her to the carriage, skillfully twisting her cloak round her face as he did so, so that it was impossible for her to shriek or call for assistance. But Stella was strong for a woman, stronger than her captor had given her credit for being, and she struggled so fiercely that, by the time he had carried her within arm's length of the carriage, she had succeeded in uncovering her mouth, and, raising her voice to its utmost, sent forth a piercing scream.

Before its echo had died away a figure darted from out of the hedge, and, dashing at her captor, hurled him to the ground, Stella being dragged down in his fall. Before the prostrate man could regain his feet, the stranger flung himself upon his breast and held him down to the ground.

Stella, trembling in every limb, and white as the snow, sprang to her feet, and, leaning against the carriage-door, struggled with a deathly faintness which rapidly threatened to overcome her. A voice —the voice of the person who had so opportunely arrived to rescue her—chased her swoon away.

"You villain!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing with that lady? Who are you?"

At the sound of the voice Stella sprang forward.

"Sir Richard Wildfang!" she exclaimed.

"Miss Newton!" was the astonished retort. "Can I believe my senses? How came you in this ruffian's power?"

As he spoke he raised his hand and struck the prostrate man with his fist. Stella pressed both her hands upon her aching brow, and swayed like a reed shaken in the wind.

"Don't ask me; I implore you humbly, do not ask me!"

Sir Richard rose, still keeping his hand upon the arm of the ruffian, now captured in his turn, and looked at her with a fine expression of mingled pain and regret. Then he bowed silently and turned to the man.

"At least we will unmask this ruffian; you will permit me to do that?"

Stella made a gesture of assent with her hand. Sir Richard struck the cap off the man's head, and tore away the comforter which covered the lower part of his face, and revealed the features of Stephen Hargrave. Stella uttered a cry of despair. Sir Richard fell back with a look of indignant horror.

"Stephen Hargrave," he said. "Mr. Louis Felton's servant."

Stella shrank closer to the carriage, and covered her face with her hands. Both men knew that she was weeping. Sir Richard grasped the man by the arm, and dragged him into the full moonlight.

"No!" he exclaimed, his voice thick with indignant rage, "you shall not escape your punishment, though this lady, whom you have so insulted, pleads for you. Answer me, you ruffian!"

And he shook him as he would have done a dog, Stephen Hargrave submitting, indeed, with dogged moodiness.

"Who is the instigator—the chief of this outrage? You are only a tool, I feel assured. Speak, or I'll choke you, you ruffian!"

Stephen Hargrave hung his head and glanced sideways at Stella. Sir Richard was also looking that way from the corner of his eyes. Stephen Hargrave waited until he saw that she was listening, with strained intent and fearful face, then said sullenly:

"That will do, Sir Richard. You don't want to choke me, and let my betters go free. I'm only a servant; I've got my living to get, and don't wish the young lady no harm. If I'm ordered to do anything, and well paid for it, aint I obliged to do it?"

"Quick!" said Sir Richard sternly. "Who ordered you to commit this crime? What scoundrel could dare so base a thing? Quick, or I'll ——"

"Who should order me but my master—Mr. Felton?" sullenly retorted Stephen.

Stella uttered a faint, despairing cry. Sir Richard shook the man roughly.

"That's false—it must be," he said in a broken voice.

"False, why? What 'ud be the good of my trying to deceive you?" said Stephen. "Besides, do I want Miss Newton? Should I've got a carriage to run away with her in?"

"True," muttered Sir Richard. "But I cannot believe it—realize it."

Then he turned to Stella.

"Can you supply the clue? I beseech you—for your own safety and honor—to answer me. Did Mr. Felton make this appointment—ask you to meet him here?"

Stella inclined her head and covered her face with her hands. Sir Richard sighed.

"Base, vile scoundrel, to take advantage of your trusting! Vile, indeed, must be the man who would suffer you to be thus insulted; to hire a ruffian like this to—to ——"

And, as if overwhelmed with rage and indignation, Sir Richard turned away his head and groaned. Then Stella, as if stung into doubt by the enormity of the crime which was imputed to her lover, sprang forward, and, laying her hand upon Stephen's arm, cried in piteous accents:

"No, no! there must be some dreadful mistake. It is—it must be false! Confess that this wickedness sprang unbidden from your own bad heart. Confess that Mr. Felton knows nothing of it! Oh! say it is false, and—and I will forgive you, and let you go unpunished!"

"I'll say what you like," said Stephen sullenly. "But the truth is the truth, and that is that I'm only doing my master's bidding."

Stella's wild eyes fixed themselves upon his face with soul-searching scrutiny for a moment. Then, with a sob, she threw up her face.

"I do not—I will not believe it. He is incapable of such baseness."

TO BE CONTINUED.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

In my chamber, oft at twilight,
Sitting mournfully alone,
Not a heart to beat responsive
To the throbbings of my own,
Younger days come up before me
In a solemn, sad review:
Days of sorrow, days of sunshine—
Oh, the picturing now true!

All my present recollections,
Deeply graven on my heart,
Ere a shadow crossed its threshold,
Ere it knew of worldly art.

Then the image of my Eva,
Idol of my life, appears;
Beautiful she stands beside me,
After lapse of many years.

Once again her form enfolding,
With a trust and love divine,
Lavishing eyes at mine upgazing,
While her lips are pressed to mine.

Nearer to my heart I press her—
Fairer still she seems to be;
Dreamily again caress her—
Waking, find it fantasy!

And the moonbeams brightly playing
Where, 'neath heaps of driven snow,
In the cold and quiet churchyard
Eva slept so long ago.

LOUIS K. RITTENHOUSE.

I HAVE NOT PAID MY RENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY A. P. KNUTT.

Well, yes; to-day is the fourth, and I have not yet paid my rent, which has been due since the first of the month. But then that is no fault of mine. This is the first time such a thing has happened to me. The last time I met my Uncle Fuller, he promised to let me have about fifty dollars before the first of this month, and I have not seen the shadow of a stamp yet. I relied upon those fifty dollars. My Uncle Fuller has left for Sacramento without a word of warning to me. Perhaps, after having reflected, he thought that those fifty dollars might be of some service to him during his trip!

I have written to him seventeen times, and three cents postage on each letter makes exactly fifty-one cents, or a couple of beer, I am out for writing. Of course he has not answered me. My heart has ulcerated and swollen; but my pocket-book still retains its same dimensions, and ——

I have not paid my rent.

This is pretty hard indeed, especially to a person who has not yet got accustomed to it. For two days I have been trying to concoct some phrase by which to answer the collector when he drops in upon me again. Then I have counted the minutes. I shudder at the sound of footsteps, for fear of seeing that horrid figure before me.

At twelve o'clock sharp he knocked at my door. Oh, my courage! my courage!

I mentally studied the phrase I had so laboriously concocted, and awaited the fiend.

But I had not anticipated one most terrible complication. As I opened the door a receipted bill for room-rent was thrust into my hand. The contact of that paper made me shudder. I knew that I could not properly keep it; yet how manage to return it? That is what puzzled me. I grew white in the face, then blushed, grew white again, blushed some more, then stammered, but ——

I did not pay my rent.

And from that day my life has been a conglomeration of bitter vicissitudes.

That collector! that infernal collector! To crown all, his "shop" is on the ground floor of the same house, and I am compelled to pass his door daily. He is polite, and greeted me always with a kind "good-morning," and offers of services to "such a steady young man."

His wife had offered to s

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1876.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

A. K. SAMUELS, Assembly Billiard House, Brooklyn.—It is impossible for us to decide who has won the turn-out. For the reason that your statement gives but a few of the results of the raffle. Perhaps your intention was that we should take it for granted that Mr. Barnum's throw was highest of all. Such being the case, our opinion is that Mr. Barnum is entitled to the turn-out. Equity would seem to be in favor of granting him relief, for the reason that, though Rule 1 of the raffle was plain, its frequent violation was calculated to lead a well-meaning man into an error that he never contemplated. Mr. Barnum naturally thought that he could do what he had either seen his predecessors do, or heard that they had done; and he must have been confirmed in that belief when he was permitted to throw irregularly not only once without objection, but also twice. For that reason it was untimely for Mr. Jackson to object to the third throw as irregular, when it was in no sense different from the two that had passed unchallenged, it being admitted that Mr. J. saw all three throws. This, we repeat, is our opinion, based solely upon the equities of the case. It is not a decision, unless the parties in interest are willing to accept it as such. What equity may concede to Mr. B. justice might well deny. Our decisions are always based upon the law when there is a law; and in declining to give a decision now, we are actuated by the impression that all the parties to this game were gentlemen incapable of desiring or taking any advantage by reason of an irregularity, and no other seeking an advantage in virtue of an abstract right that would not have become operative but for a misconception due in part to the very gentleman whose right, as he claims, has been invaded.

CENTENNIAL, Bath.—We think William M. Tweed was born in 1824. If we knew his whereabouts we would be happy to write to him on this point, and thus decide the bet. It is a most astonishing circumstance that two thirds of the people who make bets never will condescend to state, at least to a newspaper, the exact nature of their bets. It is a hundred to one that if this particular bet were stated in full, we could decide it correctly without writing to Mr. Tweed at all. But that would not be giving us trouble enough, to say nothing of him. It is also a singular coincidence that "bets" of this character are communicated through the medium of a postal card.

RISBARCE, Louisville.—1. The roomkeeper can adopt any rule or regulation whatever that he may see fit, so they are the pins. If those rules are conspicuously posted in that house, they will govern there in all cases. 2. We cannot provide rules for every imaginable case. Why not let players at pinpool play before all the pins are spotted? There is nothing to be gained by it, and we have never heard of a man in his senses doing it. Should he do it, it is a certainty that the ball in play would not be allowed to be attached to it. The balls should remain where they stop after the stroke, provided he hit an object-ball. Of course, if an object-ball was not hit, it was a miss, and the cue-ball is then to be spotted.

O. L. F. P.—1. No bet upon that point can be decided with anything like satisfaction to both parties. The standard of an amateur in billiards involves the consideration of personal matters, and hence no decision can be rendered in strict justice that is not liable to give personal offence. 2. The circumstances of the case, to him a professional, any more than his playing for a hat or cigars would; and for the matter of that, you will find, upon consulting the same authority, other games by the same player or another, for perhaps weaken any line of argument you may be pursuing.

J. E. L., Marlboro,—1. It is a mere question of addition. Why not put the figures on the pack of dominoes yourself, and save us the trouble? No decision we can possibly give will alter the result as announced by an accurate accountant. 2. It is a mere matter of opinion as to who is the best B fancy runner-up in the United States. 3. The question, starting from Cape Grisnez, France, early on the morning of May 28, 1875, had gone seven miles at 8 A. M., and headed at 9 o'clock for Dover. At 9:30 A. M. the distance paddled and sailed, about 34 miles. Draw your own deductions.

RAGSHOT, Savannah.—1. Not having passed either a bet or a blind, you can come in after having passed. 2 The hands must be shown to the full board. 3. If B went blind one check, and C put up two, the latter was a straddle, and cost the one who lost it four checks. C's raising it was a blind amounted to nothing. There cannot be two blinds. Either it was a straddle, or it was merely "seeing" B's blind. As it is evident from his language that it did not amount to "seeing" B, his two checks must be assumed to mean a straddle.

SOUTHWARK, Phila.—The committee were in error. The throw of 42 had already other numbers to its credit in the first and third prizes were concerned. Those prizes belonged wholly to the throwers of 42, and they could buy or sell. throw off, or run a foot-race for them. When all the chances had been thrown, the committee's functions ceased, and they had no more right to order the two 42's to throw off than they would have had to give all four prizes to someone who had not thrown at all.

L. M., Philadelphia.—In the article on the award of the pennant, we only referred to the fact that, by the failure of other clubs to send in records, the committee had to make their award on the basis of the records sent in, and by these the score of won games placed the Athletics third on the list. The committee, of course, had nothing to do with second or third prizes in their award, but only to decide upon the ownership of the pennant. By every fair analysis of play, the Athletics stand second on the list.

SL. JOHN, Montreal.—The American baseball players, in their matches at cricket with English teams, had a drawn game with the Marylebone Club—18 vs. 12; defeated the Princess Club in one inning—18 vs. 11; had a drawn game with the Richmond Club—18 vs. 13; defeated the Surrey Eleven in one inning; defeated Sheffield—18 vs. 12—in one inning; defeated Manchester—18 vs. 11—221 to 95; and with the All-England eleven—18 vs. 11.

W. S. C., Negaunee.—1. It is not possible for us to say whether there are five double teams in Milwaukee that can trot in in 2:40, or none or twenty. 2. 2:72 is not a bad double-team time on record. Private time is of no account, and that answers the third question. 4. A double team that can trot in 2:40 is worth about $4,000, if it has never earned a record of 2:40; if it has a record of 2:40, it is worth about $3,000.

T. D.—The bet has already been decided once. Both of the backers being residents of this city, it has seemed better for either to go to the northeast corner of the Bowery and Third avenue and inquire, as for us. Besides, something is due in courtesy to the authority to whom the wager was originally submitted. Outside of our recollection, the decision already rendered is right.

PHIL JR., Portsmouth.—1. The Republicans, at the recent State election, did not carry Pennsylvania by any majority whatsoever. 2. The Chicago fire was larger than that of Boston, and the loss in Chicago was also much the heavier, we think. We have not the exact figures at hand, and we answer you thus generally in preference to keeping you waiting a week.

GAS FLY.—There was no encroachment. We had a correspondent there seven months ago. He left town, but returned a short time ago, and sent us the description. Thanks for your items. We hardly care to appoint regular correspondents in small towns. Brief items of fresh news are always acceptable, and will be used if we have not later intelligence.

S. F., Brooklyn.—1. Straights are sometimes played to beat three of a kind; but, take the whole country over, they are oftener played to beat only two pair. A straight is not strictly a poker hand, and its value, when it is agreed to play it, should be settled by agreement. 2. Why not be agreed to play straight flushes, they beat four of a kind. Such is their value everywhere.

S. S. in N. Y.—Boat crews have jump upward eighteen inches. It is not material whether the gauge is put above his head or below his feet, provided that in the latter case his legs, after leaving the ground, were straightened out. The feat that is performed in one, and, though it is a very easy of accomplishment, is popularly regarded as an impossibility.

J. L., Toronto.—The bet was on the election—upon the strength of the candidates at the polls. There was no question of qualification, and A loses. Had he not been entered as a member of the Legislature at the time of election, he would not take his seat, it would have been a different matter. Cases comprehending disqualification, death, etc. If he was betting solely on the knowledge that C was disqualified, he was bound to so state.

J. S., Bath, Weisted.—1. Either wood, steel, or wood and steel, whichever they prefer. 2. His salary would depend entirely upon his merit as a performer and his reputation. Five dollars per week would get a fair man, and large extra for calling-walking, which is not now regarded as being attractive. 3. We cannot say. Watch our advertising columns.

J. D. H., Johnstown.—1. We think business will improve. 2. Possibly there will not be as many companies traveling as is former years. 3. It will have a tendency to increase the number of theatres in Eastern cities; but we think that it will have a disastrous effect upon the interior. 4. Not all of them, because they cannot find accommodations to give their performances.

BOSTON SAM, Burlington.—You are mistaken, and lose your money. A quarter of a mile is 440 yards (not 540 yards), and Courier Hose Co. of Titusville, Pa., ran the distance, under almost precisely the same conditions as you mention, in 1:22¼, while the Dolphin of Alton, Ill., covered 500 yards in 1:25, which is certainly better than 1:37¼.

J. O. B. AND THOS. BAYLEY, Baltimore.—The aces of Brud Hill Park, Baltimore, is estimated at 500 acres; Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, is, in fact, 2,991 acres; and the highest estimate we have seen of Central Park, N. Y., is that of the Department of Parks, viz., 937 68-100 acres, other estimates having put it at 862 70-100. The D. P. is probably correct.

SAINT ANN.—You will be held to the terms of the new law, unless at the time of its passage it contained a clause specially exempting all who had become members of the National Guard prior to said passage. It is useless to argue against its injustice, unless you have the money to go into court and bring a test case.

J. F., Mott, Fresco.—The pot was to go to him who held the better single hand, and not a series of hands. If the two ace-fulls were equal, then it is a stand-off. If one ace-full was better than the other by reason of the filling of the better hand, then the holder of the better full takes the pot.

J. D. B., Jersey City.—"Davy Crockett," with Frank Mayo in the title-role, was first produced on the stage in Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 23, 1872, and Mr. Mayo had acted in it in most of the principal theatres of this country, including Wood's Gaiety, in this city, before he performed in it at the Park Theatre.

EUCHRE A. B.—1. We have not the space to spare to publish the rules of bagatelle. 2. It depends upon how many balls are used, and also upon what a centre counts. You can ascertain for yourself in two minutes at a bagatelle table, if you can nowadays find one with twenty-one holes.

DICE BOX, Rochester.—At pick-and-leave, all dice that are left after a throw are assumed to stand—that is, are not to be picked up—unless otherwise stipulated for, which latter course is unusual. The terms of such stipulation should be agreed upon beforehand. There is no solid basis for a dispute, and scarcely any at all for a decision.

ARITHOS.—1. "Squaring the circle" is so arduous a task that we question your ability to perform it, even after having been told how—that is, told to the best of anybody's ability. 2. We do not know that the original was Latin—it may have been—and our time can be better and more employed than in hunting up the source of the quotation.

WM. R., DEAN, Sandusky.—If by the rules of the Association the flag did not become the permanent property of the person making it the first time, but was held for future competition, it should be returned to the Association, unless the present owner of the winning boat is a member thereof.

L. C. D., Chicago.—1. Neither of them is the original troupe bearing that name, although both claim it. Both parties have merit, and in reality, we presume, there is little or no difference between them. 2. Either "is" or "at" is correct, although newspaper writers prefer to use "is."

RIFLE-TEAM, Harrisburg.—The Irish team won the Elcho Shield in 1873 and 1875, defeating eights representing England and Scotland; but they were not the holders of the trophy at the time of the International match at Dollymount last year, the Scottish team having won it in 1874.

R., Philadelphia.—As Morrissey lived in this city for a considerable period prior to his departure for California, where he fought Thompson Aug. 31, 1853, we are confident that he resided here at the time you mention. And we think it was in the employ of the late T. C. Burns as a steamship runner.

DISPUTANT, Hamilton.—When once the dealer's partner has proffered assistance, the opposite party can ask the fact that the dealer has not yet discarded is to the advantage of the dealer. Perhaps you think that the early lead prevents the dealer from going alone. It does not, and, in fact, an assisted player has no right to go alone.

JIM AND CHARLEY, Batavia.—The "ante" at draw poker cannot be raised by any player. Probably something besides the ante is meant. The dealer can make a bet made ahead of him, or he can "see" a blind and raise it, and keep raising it until he is called. So can anyone else.

QUESTIONER, Boston.—1. Their names do not appear in the City Directory. 2. Write to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., inclosing $1 and a printed title-page 3. Cannot give an opinion. 4. They have to be made to order.

J. A. C.—Donnelly beat Cooper in 11 rounds, 22 minutes, for 60 guineas, near Curragh Kildare, Ireland, Dec. 13, 1815. Donnelly was born in Ireland in 1786, and fought as 1865. Cooper was born in Staffordshire, Eng., and weighed, in fix, 189lb.

GEORGINIA, San Francisco.—1. A, who gave four, and made high and pedro, wins. B's low could be of no use, so long as A, having high, could make the four he gave. 2. It would have made no difference when or to whom pedro fell. It would count any three cards or three points.

QUEEN CITY.—The prices would be a matter of private agreement, and would range say from $5 to $50 each, according to their merit and adaptability to display the ability as of any particular performer. Offer them for sale to the performers visiting your city.

J. D. R.—The late Catherine Hayes sang in Italian opera. She made her first appearance on the stage (but not in public) in Marseilles, France, May 19, 1845, singing Rivira in "Puritani." At no time during her career was she considered the best Norma on the stage.

LINDEN, Boston.—1. There was, and his real name was William Shakespeare. There are some hundreds of different ways of spelling his last name, and of these you take your choice. 2. We cannot say positively, but think he was not.

J. H. R., Enfield.—1. Either apply to the managers by letter or in person, or put your business in the hands of some dramatic agent. 2. An advertisement will cost fifteen cents per line, agate measure. We have nothing to do with procuring situations for performers.

FITZ, Brooklyn.—1. O loss, B going out ahead of him. 2. The don ranks the pedro always.

C. W. C., Lowell.—1. John Brown was hung Dec. 2, 1859. His raid on Harper's Ferry, Va., was made Oct. 16. 18 persons, and he and companions were captured Oct. 18. 2. John Guiney, a pugilist, who declined the title of champion of England, which was offered to Tom Gribb, was also offered the British Parliamentary seat for Wexford in 1832.

CHESTNUT.—"Dancing on a Rope," "De Good Old Times," "Too Late," "Agnostic," "Swiss Boy's Lament," "The Female Cossack," "Friend Speaker," "Pretty Lilla Waldon," "The New York Politician," "My Pretty Brunette," "The Fish Man."

SAVANNAH, GA.—1. The right to use that neither A nor D has a final bet, besides the right that custom and the rules have given them ever since poker became an established game. 2. Whether the age had bet or not after the draw, B could not pass and come in again.

SPORTSMAN, Cincinnati.—W. Oland and Thos. Haines were reported to have run 100 yards, for $2,000 a side, at San Francisco, Cal., last year, the latter winning in 9¾ seconds. That is all we know about it, and we don't credit the statement.

JNO. MAGUIRE.—A third of a column in the advertising department would cost $18.80 for each insertion, 20 per cent. off if paid for thirteen times, in advance. If the extracted notices are incorporated in the news department, they would cost $31 for one insertion.

P. S., Rochester.—1. We never state what salary any particular performer receives. 2. We do not remember of having seen any performer, while blindfolded, do an act on a trapeze attached to a balloon, although it may have been done.

CURIOSITY, Providence.—1, 2. There are no such books in print. 3. We have not time to prepare a list of all the plays that contain quotations. They are very numerous. "The Long Strike," "Jeannie Deans," and "Solon Shingle" are among them.

W. E. A., Port Hope.—1. It would be bad policy for you to come to New York, as you could not get an engagement here. Apply to some manager traveling. 2. That would be in your favor. 3. We think not. 4. The same as ever. In the Summer. 5. Address him in care of this office.

WESTERN, Madison.—We have frequently published biographical sketches of her in our old-bill department, and cannot spare the space to repeat them. Read THE CLIPPER every week if you wish to keep posted about professionals of the olden and the present time.

JOHN T. MALONEY, Oakham.—We are aware that you cleared the distances claimed, but they fall considerably short of the best professional records, and do not come under the head of strictly amateur performances.

A. B., Bangor.—B should have made the claim before the trump was turned. The only difference his not looking at his cards would have made is that, had he looked at them, he could not have claimed the deal, trump turned or not.

C. C. R., Detroit.—1. Yes; any person can dramatize it, and copyright and sell his play. They are in demand in this country, and anyone can perform them. 3. Com position good, and penmanship fair.

MOSS, Boston.—A and B are playing six-card cribbage. A plays a card, which takes two holes. A a tray. B a deuce and takes three holes; A next plays a tray and claims three holes also. Is he entitled to them? .....No.

METALS, Allegheny City.—The density of the various metals rests upon you. We can determine the value of each one named much more readily than we can hunt up five for you.

JOHN AND HORN, Mineral Point.—1. By a fair analysis of play the Athletic B. B. C. of Philadelphia stand second in all respects on the record for 1875. 2. Yes; Morrissey defeated Heenan at Long Point, Canada, Oct. 20, 1858.

CONSTANT READER.—It is a rule with us not to decide bets on the circulation of newspapers. We can rarely be sure that we are deciding properly. Our mere opinion is that of the reader of the larger circulation.

DIRK.—There being an eight, an ace and a ten on the board, your opponent, if he had an ace and a ten in his hand, could count that ace to ace, eight and ten on the board and call the pile "tens."

F. J. H., Iowa City.—1. He prefers that such matters should not be made public. 2. No relation. 3. It is said that he is, but the branch of the family you refer to deny it.

CLUB-SWINGER, Boston.—1. If there was no stipulation in respect to the number of clubs to be used, you were in the wrong in deciding as you say they did. 2. No; face to the front.

DIRKS, Johnstown.—You lose. The time made by Amherst, 16:32 4-5, is the best by a college crew. No official time was taken in the University race in 1874, but outsiders timed Columbia 16:42¾.

HARRY LLAROF, Philadelphia.—Prof. Wm. Bell was born in Ireland, about 1819; height, 6 feet; weight, 190lb. He was beaten by Yankee Sullivan, at Hart's Island, N. Y., $600, 24 rounds, 38 minutes, Aug. 29, 1842.

H. B., Troy.—The man for H. Hill over the purpose of the bet was the map visible to both parties. A loses. The map painted on the side next the wall was a separate affair, and not involved in the bet.

STAFFO, Phila.—We question that you ever heard that there are 365 spots in a pack of modern playing-cards, though you may have heard that a century or so ago there were that number in a pack of playing-cards.

W. F. A., Cliff House.—If M had a nine in his hand to justify his making it "nines" with the five and the four, he could assist his partner in that way before taking in his own pile.

J. J. H., Pittsburg.—No answers by mail. The combination has disbanded. Your style pamphlet is received against the person named, who is alone responsible. He lives, we think, in Philadelphia, Pa.

A. L. B.—1. There are numerous people in this city who profess to do what you require, but we keep no record of them. 2. Address Charles Gayler, or F. G. Maeder, in care of this office.

MAC, Providence.—No answers by mail. Professional artists have abandoned the practice of late years, as in nearly every city an experienced "dresser" can be hired.

AMATEUR DRAMATIC.—We can only answer your questions on general principles. That we have already done. Display your energy in getting some manager or actor to enroll it.

CENTENNIAL.—No bet is legal. But if you mean to ask if a man can win who bets on a "sure thing," the answer then is that he can unless the "sure thing" is rendered such by fraud.

J. B., Owego.—1. Yes; 13c. will fetch it. 2. E. L. Davenport. 3 His name does not appear on the bills, and we have never heard of him in connection with that theatre.

D. T. C., San Francisco.—The colonial copyright laws of Canada and Australia differ in some respects from those of England, and, as we have not copies of them, we cannot answer you definitely.

NIBS, Boston.—We do not know that any have been taken. Letters addressed to those parties in our care will reach them.

CONSTANT READER, Richmond.—John C. Heenan died at Green River Station, Wyoming Ter., Oct. 25, 1873, and was buried at Albany, N. Y., Nov. 2.

C. B. M., Jackson.—1. Heenan and Morrissey's only fight took place at Long Point, Canada, Oct. 20, 1858. 2. Myers and Heenan fought April 17, 1868.

J. F. H., Biddeford.—No answers by mail. On your statement, you are simply required to furnish each of your antagonists with a cigar.

J. S., Cincinnati.—1. He must make the trump, and will be set back five points unless he makes that number. 2. Have not heard of her lately.

SUBSCRIBER, Phila.—1. Stokes shot Fisk on Jan. 6, 1872. 2. Sentenced to four years' imprisonment. 3. Dates from his conviction.

A. P. C., Niles.—Ball-room Companions give such instructions, and you can get them through Ed. James, who advertises. Price, 60 cents, $1, or $1.50.

W. J. L., Greenwood.—It should read 1871 instead of 1875, as your opponent probably knew at the time. The bet is a draw.

W. N. D., Chicago.—Credentials were mailed to the address you gave more than one week ago. Cause search to be made in the post-office.

C. P. H. T., Ottawa.—Furnishing descriptions of costumes for masquerade balls is not within our province. Apply to some costumer.

AN UNINTERESTED PARTY, Paterson.—We hold to the same opinion we expressed last week, notwithstanding your statement.

J. J. K., Warren.—1. We are informed that the company has collapsed. 2. We do not attend to that kind of business.

JAMES, Brooklyn.—Yankee Sullivan is supposed to have committed suicide in a cell in San Francisco, Cal., May 31, 1856.

CHAS M. A., Le Roy.—We do not require a "regular" there, but such items as are of general interest to CLIPPER readers will be acceptable. Thank you.

H. E. N.—Peacock's CLIPPER ALMANAC of any newsdealer. It contains a record of all such performances, and its price is but fifteen cents.

J. M., Westfield.—The pump is played at four-handed pecnohle, and you have not the suit that has been led, you must overtrump.

P., Toledo.—1. THE CLIPPER reports his movements weekly. 2. No. Cos Cob, Ct. 3. There are no such colleges in America.

J. M., Richmond.—He first appeared in public in Savannah, Ga., in 1862. We cannot say when he first appeared in your city.

A. K., Baltimore.—Since 1868 he has been back to America, and about two years ago returned to India, where he is now managing a minstrel troupe.

C. C. D.—1. At present performing in Australia. 2. A biographical sketch of her has been published in THE CLIPPER. 3. Mr. Barrett.

T. J. D., Brooklyn.—Thanks for bill, but it is of too recent a date to be of much interest. We have frequently of late published his name as appearing.

H. W., Grand Rapids.—Thanks for bill. It will be of use at some future time. Will bear your proffered kindness.

SUBSCRIBER, Port Huron.—1. Yes; some. Let us know what numbers you want. 2. Thanks; but we do not require it.

FIVE CONSTANT READERS.—Your letter dated Jan. 9 did not reach us till the 11th, after THE CLIPPER was issued. The plot means the story of the play.

H. H. J., Hartford.—We gave two and made high game, is out on his high, having but one to go. A's low was of no service to him.

DESPERADO, Akron.—Because their waters flow in the same channel from about latitude 39 to the Gulf of Mexico, and because, also, all geographers speak of them conjointly.

J. S.—Before we can decide this bet, both parties will have to produce the place of hanging. If this city is meant, such is the practice.

CLIPPER READER, Lawrence.—E. D. Davis is said to have run 100 yards in 9¾ seconds in this country, but it was done to a flying start. The bet should be drawn.

S. O. H., Phila.—The error does not affect the case. See "Southwark." The thrower of 41 had no claim to either second or third prize.

F. DE GERELE, Brooklyn.—The Astor-place riots took place on May 7 and 10, 1849, the most serious demonstration occurring on the latter date.

O. B., Canton.—1. They are in copartnership. 2. Your best plan would be to advertise for one setting forth just what you require.

RECEIVED TOO LATE to answer this week—C. L., Topeka; S. R., Baltimore; P. A. L., New York; C. B. R., Montreal; F. B. C., Detroit.

Y. U. T. P.—When two players go out together at cut-throat euchre, the pot is to be divided equally between them.

SQUIRREL, Lowell.—This paper has always decided that the man, in going round the tree of which the squirrel made his escape, should come around the squirrel.

INQUISITIVE.—Lawrence Barrett, William Florence, J. H. McLaughlin and Homer Lane, in America; Joseph Cowen, in Ireland.

G. M. GIBSONS, Baltimore.—The last ring fight in which Dick Hollywood engaged was with Johnny Keating, and took place in Kentucky, April 27, 1868.

PIQUE NO. 2, Jersey City.—Yes; he acted in it in most of the principle cities of the country.

JIM, Lynn.—The rank of commodore in the U. S. Navy is actually one, and not a mere compliment.

V. C., Galveston.—The circulation of newspapers is not a matter of record.

F. H.—Frank Walworth was sentenced to imprisonment for life.

CHARLES, Washington.—That read was opened in August, 1831.

A. J.—The left bower can never be turned up at euchre. ANY jack turned up is the right bower.

J. F. D., New Jersey.—1. Not married. 2. About 14 or 15 years of age.

JIM MC., Muskegon.—Your card costs 60c. for each insertion.

W. K., Dubuque.—Address a letter to him in care of this office.

W. S. E., Saint Joseph.—1. She is acting in Australia. 2. Not married.

VOLARE, Chicago.—1, 2. We cannot say. 3. From $25 per week upward.

L. L. L., Parker City.—We do not answer questions touching the domestic affairs of professional people.

FRISCO, Central City.—Having made the pile nine, you could not afterwards increase it to ten.

GRAND RIVER, Grand Rapids.—Cannot, having neither time nor space.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Go to a library, and the librarian will direct you. Otherwise procure a "History of France."

SUBSCRIBER.—Because the vessel is a mere shell, and the air within her renders her buoyant.

A REGULAR SUBSCRIBER.—1. See reply to "Clipper Reader." 2. At Chicago, Ill., in July, 1867.

J. O'HEARN, Lawrence.—George Seddons, the lightweight pugilist, is alive.

INKY DICK.—Read notice at the head of our dramatic summary.

CONSTANT READER, Kansas City.—The hotel is still in existence.

F. C. L., Jacksonville.—They are sold separate from the paper.

G. C., Philadelphia.—In Winter quarters in Newark, N. J.

J. P. D., Gloucester.—No answers by mail. Send the package to her address in care of this office.

J. B. C., Troy.—You are right. It is so represented in McWade's version, but not in Jefferson's.

T. G. R., Salisbury.—Charles Dickens, who died June 9, 1870, was born Feb. 7, 1813.

N. B. F. Jr., Chicago.—No answers by mail. He is in India, managing a minstrel troupe.

Good, Kokomo.—It is not published. It is now the private property of Frank Mayo.

S. R. B., Brooklyn.—We can send you a copy on receipt of piece, fifteen cents.

J. O. L., Boston.—Thanks; but they are of too recent date.

FORRIGNER, Phila.—Its proper name is Londonderry, but it is generally called Derry.

BARKER, Cooperstown.—If both had two to go, low-jack wins.

CONSTANT READER, Chicago.—The player who is first to call game is out.

W. H. P., Jamacia.—The three aces win. The three hearts are not a flush.

SUBSCRIBER, Baltimore.—Walter Brown died at Newburg, N. Y., March 3, 1871.

R. B., Chicago.—Either state the bet or procure a CLIPPER ALMANAC.

CARDS, South Bend.—Players must all discard before cards are drawn.

P. AND D., Chelsea.—Every man plays 55 games, and the total is 660.

LESLIE BROS.—Fifteen cents a line for the space occupied, single columns and agate type measure.

F. SAM, Boston.—Look in our next issue for such information as we can procure regarding the shelter.

A BOSTON READER.—1. Bob Brettle died at Stourbridge, Eng., April 6, 1872. 2. George Seddons still lives.

TWO UPTOWN READERS.—Niblo's Garden was destroyed by fire Nov. 15, 1866; also May 6, 1873.

R. R. Y., Darwin City.—It is located on the easterly side of Broadway, at the corner of Thirteenth street.

LAPOINTAINE, Milwaukee.—1. By applying to some manager. 2. We do not.

HENDERSVILLE.—Inquire of the superintendent of the Zoological Gardens in Philadelphia.

G. T. B., Wilkesbarre.—Apply in person to the managers of various troupes until you succeed.

S. J. R., Toronto.—It is only on sale in connection with his entertainments and cannot now be had here.

H. E.—Al cassino, a player having one to go can call out on spades.

CYRUS.—He can be addressed in care post-office, Boston, Mass.

LENORE.—The subject of the poem was a lady who had been virtually mother to the writer.

ONE OF THE BAND, Philadelphia.—It is proper to call out.

SHOCKVILLE.—You will save money by not investing in it.

J. G., Washington.—A's high-jack goes out before pedro.

HAMPTON.—We have more than we can find room for.

E. G. J., Rochester.—Address Him in care of this office.

SUB.—An assistance barn a lone hand in any quarter.

D. L., Philadelphia.—See our Dramatic Summary.

C. M. S., Waterbury.—Any customer can supply you.

G. M. P.—Homer Lane the wrestler is not dead.

W. C., San Francisco.—Miss Marianne Conway.

P. J. B.—They are not one and the same person.

KENO, Philadelphia.—See answer to "James."

PIKE, Moberly.—It is a tie between A and E.

ADAMS, Chicago.—They are not selected yet.

G. C.—It shall have an early appearance.

H. C. R., Cooperstown.—Low-jack wins.

C. A. B.—Not at present.

CENTENNIAL SPORTING EVENTS.

Not to be behind in a proper observance of the Centennial celebration, our sporting friends are taking the necessary steps towards inaugurating a series of athletic games, muscular displays, aquatic contests, billiard tournaments, shooting competitions, pedestrian exercises, sparring exhibitions, and various other recreations of a sportive character. The display of boats on the bosom of the placid Schuylkill promises to eclipse everything of the kind heretofore seen upon that romantic stream. Commodore Ferguson of the Schuylkill Navy is making strenuous efforts to induce representations of the various boating interests of this country, while negotiations are pending to secure the attendance of prominent oarsmen of Europe. The intercollegiate gathering at Saratoga will be of secondary importance to the aquatic carnival on the waters adjacent to Fairmount Park. And the fraternity of baseball players, though quiet just now, are not idle as regards a grand exhibition of the beauties of our national game during the height of the Centennial Exposition of the products of all nations. New organizations will confront one another, fresh incentives to obtain the victory will govern contending nines, and friendly sectional rivalry before the world's representatives will induce such struggles as will well reward all who may be fortunate enough to witness the games. The West will send her new Chicago nine as one of her representatives, and Manager Spalding will leave no fair means untried to secure for his team the laurels of the Centennial Championship. Boston, confident that she still has the Wright man in the right place, is not saying much, but she is having a pretty lively thinking time of it. What is Harry Wright doing all this time? Why is he so quiet? Is it the calm that comes before the storm? Certainly, Boston does not intend to resign the pennant to Chicago, without a struggle. Nor does the Athletic Club mean that it shall be a walk-over for the Western team. And while the ball of the baseballer is flying in one direction, the ball of the rifleman will be going in another; for our sharpshooters intend to fight their Creedmoor and Wimbledon and Dollymount battles over again, and to make memorable the contests in honor of the Centennial. The Irish team will be here; England will not be without representatives; and the sharpshooters of France will no doubt dispute for superiority with the crack shots of all nations. There should be a brilliant assemblage of billiard-players, and such a display of the marvels of the ivories as has never before been witnessed. It rests with the players to carry to a successful issue the proposition made for a grand tournament. Such an exhibition, properly conducted, must be of great value to billiard interests everywhere. A prize of one thousand dollars has already been offered. If sectional and personal jealousies are not permitted to interfere, this sum might be increased to ten thousand dollars! Chess is to be represented in all its beauties; and it is thought that some of Europe's greatest players will be present, to take part in the competition. Why not? Such an opportunity may never offer again. We understand, too, that it is in contemplation to present a series of athletic exhibitions which will include as competitors the bone and sinew and muscle of every large city in the Union. All sporting interests should make a fine exhibit at the Centennial, which commences on the 10th of May, and continues during a period of six months. Fourth of July will see the gathering of one of the largest peaceful assemblages ever witnessed; and if nothing untoward occurs to prevent, the Centennial will be the rarest show in the world's history.

THE ALMANAC.

THE CLIPPER ALMANAC FOR 1876 is now ready; and by reading the table of contents, published in our advertising department, our readers will find that this edition contains a great deal of interesting matter in the way of stories and poems, besides the reliable and carefully-edited theatrical and sporting records, which are the special feature of this publication. As this is the Centennial year, we have also added a comprehensive chronological history of the United States. Our baseball friends will also find a history of their game and a record of the more important contests of last season. The astronomical data are furnished by a well-known specialist, and we feel assured that THE ALMANAC for 1876 contains just the information that our readers want in a book of its character. Copies are mailed from this office at the retail price, 15 cents; but dealers are requested to send their orders to their wholesale news-agents.

ERRATUM.—In "Mail Time and Estimated Distances to Prominent Cities," on page 26 of THE ALMANAC, a typographical error makes the time from New York to Washington, D. C., 19 hours. It should be 9 hours.

SARATOGA is happy, for it has been decided to hold the college regatta there, after strenuous efforts had been made to have the race come off on an Eastern stream. Harvard is "in" for it, while Yale is "out;" and though the friends of the latter look sad and discouraged, nevertheless they expect to "take in" the sport on the lake at Saratoga in the Summer of 1876. It is not true that Yale will be there to challenge the winner. So *that's* settled. And now what are baseballers doing?

THE AMNESTY BILL had up-hill work of it in Congress last week, when Blaine began to run down Hill. The controversy became warm and exciting at one time, and reminded us of the palmy days of the "late war." Dead issues were resurrected, and putrid corpses were brought to view again. Had Jeff Davis been hanged on a sour apple-tree, as was once suggested, these shadows of the past might have remained hidden forever.

BUSINESS IN SLEIGHS is not very active; owing, it is thought, to the absence of snow. There was a little spurt of snow the other day, and almost immediately there appeared in various parts of the city innumerable sleighs with the legend "For Sale" attached to them. Which goes to show that the owners would be satisfied with a "sail" if they could not secure a sleigh-ride. This is a comical conceit.

SERGEANT BATES is *not* coming this way with his flag. Whether he fears to risk it in "the streets of New York," or prefers to make his mark with our Southern friends, we have as yet been unable to learn; but it seems to be decided that New York is not his present objective point. So the great heart of the metropolis pulsates more freely.

THEY DON'T place a very high estimate on the value of fathers over in New Jersey. Some time ago a wild young "feller" killed the paternal origin of his being, and the son has got off with two years' imprisonment. Well, no, Jimmy; he didn't *get off*, but he got in for two years.

CHARLES O'CONOR survives, owing to the inefficiency of his medical attendants, and now it appears that Carruth of Vineland would have been living today had the doctors let him alone. Their probes finished him. This also should be probed into.

"TOM" HUGHES of London having "respectfully declined" to act as umpire in the intercollegiate regatta of 1876, it is not unlikely that the position may be offered to some American gentleman who is conversant with boating matters. So glad!

AN IMPECUNIOUS son of the soil having revealed to "Our Jim" that he found it impossible to make both ends meet during this distressing period, the dreadful boy advised him to try a cheaper diet—"to brace up on mush, as it were."

THE VARIETY THEATRES of New York present unusually strong attractions this season, and that style of entertainment seems to be growing in favor, if we are to judge by the number of houses now in operation here.

WHO STRUCK the Tweed jury promises to be as puzzling a problem as was that of the identity of the man who struck Billy Patterson, which has never, to our knowledge, been satisfactorily solved.

IT IS POLICY to keep alive the Brooklyn scandal until the close of the lecture season, for "there's millions in it," more or less.

IT IS PROBABLE that the first conductor on the New York Rapid-transit Railroad is yet unborn.

SPEAKING of the hard times, a "man who is on it" wants to know what fish could best claim shelter in the almshouse? Why, the *porpoise*, of course. [Give it the sound of *paupers*, please.]

ALTHOUGH Mr. Bird, the English chess-player, lost in his match with Mr. Mason, it will be very imprudent to bet against Mr. Bird on "general principles."

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

☞ On Jan. 10: Judge Westbrook denied Mr. Peckham's motion to correct the list of the struck jurors in the W. M. Tweed $6,000,000 suit.....It was cabled that Lord Napier had his collar-bone broken by being thrown from his horse during a parade in Delhi, India; that several persons were killed and a number wounded during a collision between troops and striking laborers at Charleroi, Belgium; that a crisis had occurred in the French Cabinet, resulting in the resignation of Leon Say, Minister of Finance, and the offering of his resignation by M. Dufaure; that the crew of the schooner Jefferson Borden had signed a statement in which they said that the former crew were doubtless driven to mutiny by cruelty similar to that which they have experienced at the hands of the present crew; that over three hundred soldiers have been frozen to death near Donza Herzegovina, and that many were frostbitten; that the Bavarian Government does not intend to notice a protest made by the Pope against the violation by Bavaria of the Concordat by the enactment of the civil law; and that Gen. Campos had offered amnesty to the Carlists in Navarre, Spain.....Jas. Bonner, of Rahway, N. J., was killed by the cars.....James Hamill, ex-champion sculler of America, died suddenly at Pittsburg, Pa.....Wm. W. Wright was killed by falling down two flights of stairs in this city.....John Knight, also residing here, committed suicide by jumping through a glass window.....A Mexican dynamite factory, causing fatal injuries.....A colored murderer named Burgess was hanged by a mob at Baton Rouge, La.....Charles Lahrs was fatally injured by falling from a stage in New Orleans, La.....James Freeman, the robber who escaped by jumping through a court-house window in Philadelphia in 1874, was arrested in Baltimore, Md.....J. H. Martin & Co. of Memphis, Tenn., failed for $90,000; assets, $110,000.....Losses by fire: the Eastern Lunatic Asylum, Williamsburg, Va.—loss $25,000; W. L. Locke & Co.'s store, and other buildings, East Tawas, Mich.—loss over $15,000, partially insured; the St. Paul-street Methodist Church, St. Catharines, Canada.

☞ Jan. 11: Antoine Martens, a cigar-dealer in this city, committed suicide, after having shot four times and perhaps fatally wounded a fireman named Thomas Rodgers, whom he accused of intimacy with his (Martens') wife.....The Special Committee of the Board of Aldermen of this city reported adversely on the confirmation of Fitz John Porter as commissioner of Public Works.....The following business failures were announced: In this city, Ockershausen & Co., sugar refiners—liabilities $375,000; assets $415,000; George Bliss, banker—liabilities not stated; assets $200,000; Meyer Hoffman & Co., drygoods merchants—liabilities over $190,000, assets nearly $100,000; C. E. Hench & Co., dry goods—liabilities not stated; assets $8,000. Charles Boundy & Co., metal merchants of Birmingham, Eng.—liabilities £167,000 sterling.....News from abroad was to the effect that M. Dufaure had resigned a circular Presidential regard to the fisheries; that preparances indicated that an armistice had been ag

BILLIARDS.

MODERN EXHIBITIONS AND MATCHES

Garnier and Sexton revisited Baltimore on the 10th inst., and at the Academy of Music they "turned about" again, Garnier winning the three-ball game, and Sexton the four-ball. There could certainly be no objection to this modern system of billiard-playing, were the players to announce before beginning the second game: "Ladies and Gentlemen.—Professor Garnier, exponent of the French game, having been grandly victorious at the French game, it is now due in courtesy that Professor Sexton, exponent of American billiards, shall be grandly victorious at the American game." Wagers are always liable to attach to games between great players, and are certain to follow the opening of games that are played in so public a place as the Academy of Music, Baltimore. But let no one make the mistake of wagering upon the *order* in which these exhibition games are won and lost. That order is apt to become monotonous, and the players may at any time ring in a fresh deck—Peter, who had been winning at French, will win at American billiards, and Paul the American will become the French champion. This unpleasant subject is not a new one in these columns, and it is revived now only because we see it announced in a Cooperstown (N. Y.) paper that Cyrille Dion and Garnier are to "play two matches in that town for $100." It is of little moment that these players are avowedly hostile, because these hostilities, not having a principle underlying to brace them up, become weak at the first rustle of crisp greenbacks. It is of little moment that these players have been waging a bitter newspaper warfare against each other, because the newspapers are themselves most to blame for that. It is of little moment that one of these players, although willing enough to play the other if guaranteed wholly his own way, could not even be coaxed into playing him a match on any other terms. But what is of moment is that these two players, who are publicly billed (it is most likely, without their cognizance) to "play two matches for $100," will not, before beginning play, inform the people of Cooperstown that it is not a match at all. It is assumed that they will not, because Dion did not tell the people of Newark, four years ago, that he was playing Josepe Gerniel for merely the amount of forfeit, instead of the stake announced, and that therefore all bets were off; and because Garnier, when he came up here from Titusville, four years ago, and took Maurice Daly down there to play him a match for $500 a side, did not stop to tell the assembled multitude in the public hall that the match was not for anything like $500 a side, and that therefore all bets were off. The gentlemen in Cooperstown who have billed Dion and Garnier to "play two matches for $100" have probably done so innocently. They doubtless regard as a "match" any game in which two such great players come together; but that is not what a match means in sporting parlance. The $100 which purports to be a stake, and which binds bets if it is a stake, is probably the sum ($50 each) that the players are to receive for giving an exhibition in Cooperstown; and, if so, it vitiates all bets made in virtue of the announcement that these experts were to contend for $100. The great mistake in these affairs is that the projectors and the two players seem to think that they are the only parties interested. Every man who bets is vitally interested; for he is liable to lose his money if the player of his choice loses the game, while, if that player wins the game, the opposite bettor, knowing the "inside" or the true fact of the case, is liable to save his money by an appeal. It is not likely that much money would be won or lost in Cooperstown, but the principle remains the same. Quite a good deal was lost and won in Titusville. A little forethought on the part of players would prevent unjust loss in any quarter. All they have to do is to state frankly, before beginning play, what they are playing for. If the game is to be 525 points, instead of the announced 500, if the stake is really $110 instead of $500, all outstanding bets are off, unless renewed; and no harm is done.

SCRATCHES.

The Columbian Room, this city, was formally reopened on the night of the 17th inst., in celebration of the new proprietorship of Messrs. Rice & Downing, whose energy and liberality, exhibited since they assumed the reins of this establishment, bespeak a prosperous Centennial season. Among the notabilities announced to set the ivories in circulation were Albert Garnier, Cyrille Dion, George F. Slosson and William Sexton, the services of the latter of whom, as superintendent of the room, have come to be highly appreciated. A collation, furnished by Abner S. Dieter, a well-known Brooklyn caterer, who has made a thorough diagnosis of the human palate, was amply discussed during intermission.....On the same night Edward Daniels and John Hickey were to have given an exhibition at 84 Springfield street, Boston.....John Deery is in Oakland, Cal., where he has a joint interest in a leading billiard-room.....A purse has been gotten up in Philadelphia as an inducement for William Sexton to go on there and play an exhibition game with John Bessunger.....The latter, at Nelms' room, in that city, on the 14th inst., made a run of 113; but in attempting to discount Anson the ball-player, in a game of 100 up, John came out at the wrong end of the horn. Bessunger, by the way, is open to engagement as a billiard-room superintendent.....Randall Shaw, formerly of Denver, Col., is now in San Francisco.....Charles A. Frink has been paying Philadelphia a visit.....At the opening of John Flaherty's room, in that city, Bessunger defeated R. J. Hunter quite readily, but in a game of 150 with Nelms he had but seven points of a margin.....Perry Fitch, formerly of Troy, N. Y., continues in Chicago with Rudolph Kleeman, the room being devoted jointly to Billiardina and King Gambrinus.....R. J. Hunter and E. A. Anseu are matched to play a game of three-ball caroms, for $100, at Nelms' room, Philadelphia on Jan. 19.....Louis Shaw, we are advised, has formally challenged William Burleigh to a match at three-ball caroms.....Mattie Hewins, now at home in Hartford, is reported as having gained largely in flesh during his three or four months' absence from that city.....William McKay, who won the gold badge for amateur fifteen-ball-pool players at the room of the Dion Brothers, this city, has turned it over to the proprietors, to be contended for again. The amateurs are at present spoiling Garnier's music box.....Michael Geary, it is said, is to open a room in Washington, D. C., with twenty tables.

DANIELS VS. RUDOLPHE.—Very quietly, without either fuss or feathers, a match has been entered into between Edward Daniels of Boston and A. P. Rudolphe of this city. It is to be played at Bumstead Hall, Boston, on the night of Jan. 20. It is announced as being for $300 a side. The fact that odds are given shuts out any idea that the game is to be a test of skill, and reduces it to a mere kernel of sport, with, perhaps, speculation as the shell. The billiard public of Boston may fancy this match, and may see a great deal of money in it. Nevertheless, the player never lived who could give Daniels 250 in 600, even if Daniels were just a little bit sick. As Daniels is playing to-day, he must needs be very sick to lose this game. However, he could scarcely have found an antagonist so well qualified as Rudolphe to give him the odds of nearly half the game and come near beating him. Vignaux, while here, was a trifle stronger player than Rudolphe, but as an odds-giver he has never been tested. It is one thing to beat a player of 600 average, and quite another to give him a start of 100 in 500, and then beat him. Rudolphe is the best odds giver this country has seen since the palmy days of Michael Phelan. This has been proved. Yet not even Rudolphe can give Daniels 250 in 600; and we have no idea that Rudolphe thinks he will win this match if Daniels should continue in good health. As intimated at the outset, the match has not been formally made; and the odds reported is so extravagant as to justify the hope that there has been an error in the announcement. Perhaps it has been contracted that Rudolphe shall give Daniels 150, instead of 250. Even then, as Rudolphe has been pisying these twelve months past, he would have his hands full.

THE CANADIAN TOURNAMENT.—Messrs. Riley & May's tournament for the three-ball championship of the Dominion of Canada was to have been inaugurated at the Revere House, Toronto, Canada, on the night of Monday last, Jan. 17. In addition to a medal, there are $500 in cash prizes, and the entries announced are William and Samuel Jakes of Cobourg; James G. Bennett, William Newman and James McKenny of Toronto; Joseph Turner of Stratford; and Louis H. Goughey of Montreal. The latter city, once foremost in the billiards of Canada, is but lightly represented, it will be seen. She has lost all her strong players, while the rest of Canada has lost scarcely any but Miller and Cronn. Of the old Montreal players, four are now in this city—Cyrille, Joseph and Frank Dion, and Louis Gillett; John Hickey is in Boston, and John Bessenger in Philadelphia. The games, of which there should be twenty-one, exclusive of ties, are being played at Riley & May's Revere House.

THE TURF.

RACING AND TROTTING NOTES.

The once celebrated racehorse Longfellow is reported to have become quite vicious and savage in disposition. While he was upon the turf, and in training, he was gentle and quiet in the stable, but since he was injured in his last great race with Harry Bassett, for the Saratoga Cup, the frequent applications of severe remedies to his injured foot and leg have so soured his temper that it is now dangerous for strangers to approach him.....William Donahue, the well-known light-weight jockey, who was suspended by the judges at Saratoga Second Summer Meeting last season for supposed suspicious riding of Rutherford, in the four-mile race, has, after a full investigation of the case by the Executive Committee, made at his request, been honorably reinstated.....The Burlington Trotting Association purpose giving a three days' trotting meeting on the ice as soon as the weather allows, and purses to the amount of $600 will be hung up.....The leading trotting horsemen, breeders and managers of trotting tracks in the West have issued a call for a convention to be held at Chicago on Thursday, Jan. 27, to afford the West an opportunity for general consultation on turf matters, with a view, in the event of that great section of the country being ignored, as it has hitherto been, by the National Association, of taking measures for the formation of an independent trotting association.....The Kentucky turfman, Mr. James A. Grinstead of Lexington has sent Monmouth, Katie, Misdeal, Gillyflower and Marie Michon to Blue Grass Park, to be trained by Johnny McClelland for the coming campaign.....There are no less than 1,450 horses and 1,350 owners or drivers expelled or suspended in the official list of the National Trotting Association for 1875. This is a gloomy prospect for the trotting turf.....The running match for $1,000 a side, $250 forfeit, a dash of one mile and a quarter, between J. C. Simpson's five-year-old Lady Amanda and W. Brewster's four-year-old Golden Gate, which was to have taken place on Saturday, Jan. 15, did not come off, the owner of Golden Gate paying forfeit.

THE BUFFALO TROTTING MEETINGS.—When the first meeting of the Buffalo Horse Association was held, in 1866, the amount of money given in premiums was $10,800, and for the first time in the annals of trotting the purses were divided into three moneys for first, second and third horses. The success of the meeting was so decided that the stockholders received a dividend of one hundred and forty per cent. on their investments. In 1867 the purses were increased to $12,000; in 1868, to $20,000; in 1869, to $25,000; in 1870, to $40,000; in 1871, to $50,000; in 1872, to $60,000; and culminated in 1873, to $70,000. The evils attendant on giving extravagantly large purses then became apparent, and a move in the opposite direction commenced, the purses in 1874 being reduced to $50,000, and to $35,000 in 1875. The gross earnings of the Buffalo Summer Meetings from 1866 to 1875 amount to $930,791.

DEATH OF DEXTER'S DAM.—This mare, who has been rendered illustrious by her progeny, and especially by her world-renowned son Dexter, died last week at the farm of her owner, Jonathan Hawkins, at the age of twenty-seven. She was by American Star out of Shark's dam, a mare of unknown pedigree. She was a prolific broodmare, having had thirteen foals altogether, of which Dexter, by Ryadick's Hambletonian, was the first and confessedly the best. The second was by a son of Long Island Black Hawk, and was lost in foaling. The third was the mare Lady Dexter also by Hambletonian, and was owned by Mr. Charles Bachman of Stoneyford, Orange County, N. Y. Dictator was the fourth; he is now owned by Mr. Durkee of this city; Kearsarge, a colt by Volunteer, was the fifth; Hyacinthe and two fillies by the same sire were sixth, seventh and eighth foals; the ninth was America by Hambletonian; the next, lost in foaling, was also by him; the eleventh was Astoria, a filly owned by Mr. G. Howland; the twelfth was lost in foaling; and Mr. Hawkins owns the thirteenth, brown filly by the Old Hero of Chester, Ryadick's Hambletonian.

CHANGE OF DATE.—The Executive Committee of the American Jockey Club have, at the solicitation of the Maryland Jockey Club and numerous owners of horses, altered their date of fixture of their Fall meeting at Jerome Park by bringing the first day forward one week, so that it will commence on Saturday, Sept. 30, the last Saturday in the month, on which day it will always begin in future when the first Saturday in October falls as late or later than Oct. 5. By this change the Baltimore meeting will be advanced one week, and thereby enable the Washington, D. C., meeting to be held a week earlier.

"MAJOR FRIDOLIN" (Charles Lafitte) died recently in Paris, France, at the advanced age of 72. He was one of the founders of the French Jockey Club, and organized the steeplechase at Croix-le-Bernay about forty years ago. His demise will be a great loss to the French turf.

A TWO-MILE DASH, catch-weights, for £300, was decided on the Aintree Course, near Liverpool, Eng., between Wilson's Gregg and Shaw's Vivian, ridden by gentlemen amateurs, Dec. 30. Vivian won by five lengths.

BOWLING.

THE NASSAUS vs. THE MUTUALS.

The third game in the tournament for the championship was played on Thursday evening, Jan. 13, at the alley of the National Club, in North Second street, Williamsburg. The contending clubs were the Mutuals and Nassaus, both belonging to Brooklyn, E. D. It proved to be the best contested game yet played for the championship, the winning club making an average of 195, and the losers 189—figures plainly showing the excellence of the bowling. Mr. R. M. Hopps was chosen umpire, Messrs. W. Wilson and J. Schleeman captaining the Nassaus and Mutuals respectively. On the first frame the Nassaus scored 221, the largest number of points ever made in a single frame. This enabled them to take a strong lead, and, continuing their excellent play, they retained it throughout, and won the game by a score of 1,051 to their opponents' 1,595. So rapid was the play that the game was finished in 1h. 50 min. We give the score of each side.

NASSAU.

	Frames									
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
W. Wilson	12	31	61	71	90	110	129	138	138	156
George Conover	12	26	36	56	75	85	101	120	138	148
C. Cocks	28	46	55	64	80	90	120	143	168	188
J. Bulzer	16	24	42	52	69	79	99	119	134	139
J. Hoffman	20	40	60	78	91	95	124	144	163	181
B. Irwin	18	34	44	62	83	99	109	126	136	154
A. Fields	18	28	58	73	82	100	109	127	136	156
T. Cooper	14	34	53	69	81	91	110	118	135	160
E. Orr	19	29	52	70	78	98	118	135	142	161
	18	38	58	78	98	118	137	146	166	186
Totals	166	310	483	647	778	929	1112	1286	1435	1595

NATIONAL.

	Frames									
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
J. Schlesman	30	57	76	86	114	134	154	173	182	202
J. Smith	30	60	87	106	115	135	155	175	194	211
P. Callahan	18	27	36	52	71	90	107	117	146	166
Jerry Ferris	29	49	64	74	99	119	123	142	161	181
R. Clack	19	28	37	57	77	97	116	126	136	156
L. Savage	9	29	47	65	81	91	114	132	142	162
H. Parker	20	40	60	79	99	119	139	159	179	199
C. Clark	20	50	80	110	136	156	172	181	197	206
W. Sayer	20	40	70	98	117	127	157	186	206	223
I. Gallagher	26	46	66	93	110	117	154	164	184	214
Totals	221	426	633	840	1034	1209	1410	1563	1751	1951

Strikes—Nassau, 34; National, 56. Spares—Nassau, 38; National, 28. Average—Nassau, 159.5-10; National, 195. Umpire, H. M. Hopps. Scorers, Jacob Moller, Frank Folk. Time, 1h. 50m.

ATHLETIC vs. THE PIN KNIGHTS.

The second game of the championship tournament of the National Bowling Association was played at Heisler's Alley, in Williamsburg, on Friday evening, Jan. 7, between the clubs of the Athletics and the Pin Knights, both belonging to the Eastern District of Brooklyn City. There was a large attendance of the friends of the respective clubs, and players from other associations to witness the contest. The Athletics were captained by Mr. Hopps, and the redoubtable Pin Knights by their old leader, E. E. Anderson, Mr. J. Moller of the Germania Club acting as umpire. The heretofore champions, the Pin Knights, played very poorly; indeed, neither club appeared in their usual form of execution. This may, perhaps, be attributed to the change of size of pins and ball effected by the new rules of the Nation. Only one of the Pin Knights, H. Diefenbach, maintained his former prestige and average with a score of 195. The game was won by the Athletics by a score of 1,427 to the Pin Knights' 1,342, thus winning by 85 pins. We give the scores:

ATHLETIC.

	Frames									
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Hopps	9	18	37	55	75	103	152	123	142	152
Stubenwall	18	27	36	51	63	77	86	96	106	115
Schiffer	17	33	59	78	98	118	138	158	166	186
G. Fields	10	19	37	46	65	75	92	102	118	127
Rofkar	7	15	34	52	61	80	97	107	117	134
Mayers	10	29	48	68	83	101	120	130	149	169
Bartlett	17	24	33	53	70	80	96	105	130	149
Geo. Fries	17	37	55	65	74	92	111	131	149	158
Richardson	20	33	43	62	81	97	111	120	130	149
Totals	141	261	417	561	726	862	1051	1158	1294	1427

PIN KNIGHTS.

	Frames									
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
E. Anderson	18	28	44	54	64	83	103	122	141	150
C. Adler	9	27	37	47	57	67	86	95	111	122
J. Fink	7	16	32	41	51	68	85	95	118	131
H. Allers	8	25	34	43	62	80	100	117	127	136
J. Hoffman	10	20	30	43	52	62	82	92	102	112
H. Diefenbach	19	39	59	78	97	113	117	147	175	195
E. Anderson	20	37	46	61	68	76	85	102	111	120
A. Altenband	8	18	28	45	54	64	83	92	102	112
E. Obrig	10	27	35	45	52	62	78	88	101	118
J. Moller	10	19	39	56	65	81	90	110	130	141
Totals	119	256	334	513	620	755	908	1070	1262	1342

Strikes—Athletic, 12; Pin Knights, 15. Spares—Athletic, 43; Pin Knights, 32. Breaks—Athletic, 45; Pin Knights, 53. Average—Athletics, 142.7-10; Pin Knights, 134.3-10. Umpire, John Moller of the Germania.

TERPSICHORE vs. EMPIRE.

The return game between these two clubs in the championship tournament was played on Friday night, Jan. 14, at the alley of the Terphiscores, in the Germania Assembly Rooms, Bowery, New York. In the first game of the series the Empire proved victorious by a score of 1,623 to 1,549, but on this occasion the Terpsichores retrieved their lost laurels by winning, with a score of 1,375 to 1,263, thus necessitating a third game to decide the point of superiority between these clubs in the tournament. Mr. Fred. Schwart was chosen umpire, and Messrs. Charles Esseman and D. Moore captained the Terpsichore and Empire teams respectively. The former led the score of his team, being ably assisted by the strong play of Gaber, Frank Sauer and Leopold Kahn, the latter a fresh and powerful acquisition to the Terpsichores. Of the Empire team the score of Machlan, O'Neil and Sullivan headed the list. It was a very exciting contest, and was much enjoyed by the spectators, among whom were representative players from other clubs belonging to the newly-formed association. We give the scores of both sides:

TERPSICHORE CLUB.

	Strikes.	Spares.	Bowls.	Total.
Charles Eiseman	0	7	2	164
Charles Anderson	0	3	1	117
Frederick A. Sauer	1	5	4	148
Henry Snell	1	3	6	113
Martin Boschen	0	4	3	141
Leopold Kahn	3	4	3	152
George Shudhelm	4	1	5	137
E. C. Biele	0	4	2	152
George Kuhn	3	2	5	135
Henry Groh	3	0	7	131
Totals	17	35	48	1,375

EMPIRE CLUB.

	Strikes.	Spares.	Bowls.	Total.
D. Moore	0	3	7	116
Joseph Sullivan	2	3	5	137
F. J. Carty	2	1	7	121
E. McEvoy	0	1	6	137
Thomas O'Neil	1	6	3	141
L. Voss	1	4	5	136
J. F. Wallace	1	4	5	135
H. Machlan	1	6	3	141
H. Allen	0	4	6	119
E. R. McIntosh	1	1	8	106
Totals	9	35	56	1,363
Difference in favor of Terpsichore Club	8	—	8	112

Umpire, Mr. Frederick Reichart. Time, 2h. 40m.

NATIONAL BOWLING ASSOCIATION.—The clubs belonging to this association at the present time are as follows: Pin Knights, Germanias, Nassaus, Mutuals, Independents, Nationals and Athletics of Williamsburg; Terpsichores and Empires of New York. Next week we shall publish the official rules and regulations of the game.

THE PIN KNIGHTS' BOWLING CLUB.—At the regular meeting of this club the following officers were elected for the next season: President, E. M. Anderson: vice-president, J. C. Fink; recording secretary, George W. Struse; financial secretary, Henry Allers; treasurer, A. Altenbrand; J. Moller Jr., captain.

PEDESTRIANISM.

ABOUT A THOUSAND PERSONS witnessed a foot-race of one hundred and fifty yards, between John T. Crossley of Philadelphia and James Letz of Newton, advertised as for $500 a side, near Trenton, N. J., Jan. 11. Letz was the favorite at odds, and a large amount of money changed hands on the result. The start was a good one, Crossley first taking the lead at the fifty-yard stake, and, gradually increasing it, landed himself a winner by two yards.

THE ALL-AMERICA 130 yard handicap, which takes place at the Centennial Baseball Grounds, Ridge street, Philadelphia, Jan. 24, 25, for prizes of $150, $50, $30 and $20, has, we learn, been entered for by John Allison, John T. Crossley, Tom Landy, George Wells, Bart Tinnucher, John Graham, James Wheat and other good men. With this field, sharp racing and fast traveling may be expected.

A FOUR-MILE walking handicap, for £8, £4 and £1, came off at the Lillie Bridge Grounds, London, Eng., Jan. 3, and was won by J. Bradley, 2min. 45sec. start, his time being 31:40; J. Miles, 1min. 40sec., second; J. Hibbert, 2min. 20sec., third; J. Stockwell, 40sec., fourth. A dozen others competed; but Perkins, who had entered and was placed at scratch, did not start.

JAMES HANCOCK, long ago the foremost sprint-runner in Great Britain, on Dec. 27 undertook to give Lyons, another veteran, a start of one yard in one hundred, for £35 a side, at the Royal Oak Park, Manchester, England; but he broke down after going half way, and, losing his balance, fell, leaving Lyons to go in an easy winner. Betting: 4 to 1 on the latter.

THOMAS PRICE won a 135-yard race with John Graham, for a reported stake of $300, at South Providence, R. I., Jan. 15; Graham, who was well ahead, falling near the goal. Time, 14½secs.

JUDE DECKER, Swartz, and Loveland walked four miles and a quarter, over the road between Elizabeth and Newark, N. J., a few days ago, the first-named winning in 37:00; Swartz second.

THERE IS A LETTER in our care for Jas. Adams.

THE RING.

A MILL ON LONG ISLAND.

A couple of heavy-weight novices named Alex Brown and Leonard Tracy, residing in the City of Churches, a few days ago concluded to put their relative strength and pistic prowess to the test by a contest according to rule. A stake worth doing battle for was put up by friends of each who desired to see some of the tabooed sport, and they agreed to have it out on the afternoon of the 15th inst., at a popular resort in the village of Flatbush, L. I. The constants and their partisans, to the number of about two hundred and fifty, gathered at the appointed rendezvous shortly before 2 o'clock P. M., and the principals were preparing to commence the business which called them together, when the unwelcome intelligence was received that the bobbies had scented the game, and a strong force, under Captain Campbell and Sergeant Johnston, were on the trail. Up sticks and away was the order of the day, and so speedily did the gang cut and run that, when the myrmidons of the law arrived upon the chosen ground, neither hide nor hair of the millerites was to be seen. The boys bolted it for Canarsie, and, quickly pitching a ring within half a mile of that place, the gladiators got to work without delay. Time was precious, and, in order to settle matters ere the locust brigade swooped down upon them, both "set about" each other with a will, and by hard, rapid fighting succeeded in gaining the end aimed at; but it was a tight race between them and the men in blue, who came upon the scene soon after the sponge had been sent skyward. Tracy, who was some ten pounds the heavier man, and apparently in better condition than his adversary, secured the first knock-down in the opening round by a stinging hit on the right side of the head, which sent Alex. star gazing a dozen feet away. The latter, however, had opened up with a right-hander on the ivories, which split Tracy's lips, damaged his nose, and uncorked the claret profusely, thus gaining first blood, so that it was a stand-off, giving the adherents of each man something to crow over. In the next round Brown turned the tables by fumbling his opponent over, and as the six succeeding rounds were likewise in his favor, consequently his stock sold away above par, notwithstanding that it was apparent that his violent exertions and the fast fighting were telling upon his strength more than his *vis-a-vis*. He was blowing when he came up for the ninth round, while Tracy seemed much fresher, and in this bout the tide of battle was turned and the latter's prospects brightened on a punch that gave the odds in hitting changed to his side of the house. After a couple of harmless exchanges they clinched, and, after pulling and hauling each other over the ring, broke away, when Tracy succeeded in effecting a lodgment for a nasty one just behind the ear, sending Brown down in a heap. It was thought that all the fight had been knocked out of him, but his attendants managed to bring him around in season. He might as well have been withdrawn then, however, for in the rounds which followed he was not himself at all, and, though he came up gamely, he didn't appear to possess strength to do any damage to his adversary, who quickly sent him after dirt in each and every round, until the twenty-first, when he delivered a finisher, and Alex., being unable to come again, the fight was awarded to Tracy. Each man received severe punishment, but that dealt out by the latter was the worse. After the return of the pleasure party to Brooklyn the police succeeded in laying hands upon the loser, who had unwisely shown himself in a public house, and later in the evening captured Jack Leary, the second of Tracy, who shortly after the fight was warmed in a tumpike with Harry Kelly, at Ryan's Hotel, on the Canarsie road. The captives were locked up to await examination before Justice Morse. Tracy has, we believe, so far managed to elude the vigilance of the police. James Rickard officiated as referee, and Capt. Jim Glass held the watch.

SAM COLLYER'S SHOW—A CARD FROM EDWARDS.—The benefit gotten up by the friends of Sam Collyer took place at Harry Hill's Theatre on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 20, and contrary to the unfavorable weather, enough lucre to cause his pocket-book to present a very healthy appearance. There were plenty of good sparrers on hand, and, as they were nowise backward in putting up their forks, the spectators had a chance to see all the boxing they cared to look at, barring that those who hoped to see Sam and Edwards spar were disappointed. We learn that the latter's name was put on the bills without the slightest authority, yet at the time of noticing the affair in our past issue we were assured that Billy would be there, though he only concluded this step on Tuesday, the 18th inst. Under-stand, he will be found a card from the champion in regard to the matter. The names of the "talent" who acted for Sam were John Ryan and Jerry Leary, Tom Crowley and Billy Madden, Reed and Connolly, Johnny Carman and Patsy Hogan, Tim McCarthy and John Heenan, Seddons Mouse and Jim Kelly, Johnny Saunders and Ned Mallahan, Collyer and Mike Coburn. Nearly all of these meets were excellent, but for neat work that between Carman and Hogan was rather superior to the rest. Uncle Tovee was the master. Read Edwards' card:

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Jan. 13, 1876.

MR FRANK QUEEN.—*Dear Sir:* Looking over your valuable paper this morning, I saw my name advertised to spar with Mr. Sam Collyer at an exhibition at Mr. Harry Hill's for the benefit of himself. I think Mr Sam Collyer ought to feel ashamed of himself to advertise me without my consent, and also after the way he treated me at the time I was going to have my benefit in New York, when, after proposing to wind up with me, he wanted $100 for doing it. He has taken this advantage knowing that I was away traveling with Mr. Arthur Chambers, a thousand miles from New York City, and could not contradict it. Mr. Collyer has a great favor by publishing in the columns of this letter in THE CLIPPER, as I desire to be set right in the eyes of my friends and the public generally. Yours respectfully, JOHNNY EDWARDS.

THE "HOBOKEN CLIPPER" tried to make a raise by getting up a boxing-show at No. 1,216 Second avenue on Saturday evening, Jan. 15; but for some unaccountable reason the supporters of such entertainments didn't flock to see the irrepressible Jersey-man. In consequence "Brokenjaw" pocketed didn't budge to any great extent after the sparring-matches were stowed away there. The boxers, too, gave the Clipper the cold shoulder to a man, even the window-up, in which the beneficiary pounded a young fellow named Williams unmercifully, not being worth kicking at. But all this, ye Clipper seemed perfectly contented and happy, and ready, as at all times, to let a good fellow give him a straightener on the nose for a dollar-note.

"THE MOUSE" will nibble at the public crib on Thursday afternoon of the present week, Jan. 20, when he has been tendered a complimentary benefit by a number of good friends, who admire his well-known skill and pluck. The event will take place at Harry Hill's Academy of Science, where the Mouse has so often exerted himself to give a lift to others; and, as the boys won't be backward in returning favors done by him in the past, a show chock full of good fighting, or nothing of the sort, the performances to be the regular stage talent, is in store for the outside barbarians who plank down a dollar, the whole being terminated by a set-to between the little gamecock and a foeman who will be as ready as him to make things hot.

JOHNNY SWEETMAN, who nigh a score of years ago was a well-known pugilist, but on the fraternity of boxers in the metropolis, has for the past four years been afflicted with partial paralysis, rendering him incapable of using his lower limbs, and in a letter before us he solicits aid and comfort from those who knew him in days gone by, and from those of the brotherhood of the boxers who are willing to assist one who in his time never turned a deaf ear to like appeals. Johnny is now living in Elyria, O., in almost destitute circumstances, and, having been advised by his physician to try the efficacy of the Hot Springs, Ark., he asks the good offices of old friends to enable him to do so.

JOHNNY DWYER AND STEVE TAYLOR have engaged the Lyceum Theatre, Fourteenth street, for Monday evening, Jan. 24, when their glove-match will be decided. We learn that Taylor's arm is all right again, and such being the case, and each principal paying particular attention to getting in thorough fix for the fight, the prospect of a very exciting and scientific encounter is cheering to the admirers of the art. The match will be preceded by an athletic entertainment, participated in by prominent professionals, so that all who go will have a full return for the cash laid out.

BILLY MADDEN will give a show at Harry Hill's on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 27, when he will wind up with Mike Coburn. This will be the first time that these light-weights have put on the gloves together in public; and, as the extreme cleverness of each is well known, a superior display of fistic skill may be calculated upon. A number of other friends of these obliging Billy will disport themselves similarly.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS AND BILLY EDWARDS sparred each night last week at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind., and after spending three days of the present week with some friends in Terre Haute, will proceed to Cincinnati, O., where they have been engaged to appear at the National Theatre Comique on the evenings of Jan. 20, 21, 22.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Ed. Mallahan, Wm. Edwards (2) and Johnny Aaron.

HANDBALL.

NOTHING of special importance in handball transpired at McQuade's Court last week, though several minor contests took place daily. On Jan. 11 ex-Alderman Jas. Dunn of Brooklyn visited the court, and Barney McQuade took advantage of the opportunity to get up a little sport of best two out of three between himself and Dunn, Barney having W. Million for a partner, and Dunn being assisted by Robt. Dore. Though some very pretty play was shown by both Million and McQuade, Dunn and Dore proved a little too strong for them, as the appended score shows:

Dunn and Dore	21	21—42
Million and McQuade	16	21 11—48

AMERICAN RACKETS.

AT THE CENTENNIAL COURT, 810 Sansom street, Philadelphia, a couple of interesting matches were played last week, in which several well-known baseballists participated. Jan. 10, McGinley and Hague defeated Josephs and Waitt by scores of 21 to 16 and 21 to 17, the latter two having won the first game by a score of 21 to 15. On the 11th, these players again met, McGinley and Hague for the second time proving victorious, being credited with victories in the two last games by scores of 21 to 17 and 21 to 13, while Waitt and Josephs won the first game by 21 to 20.

THE COURT KNEW ALREADY.—At a recent trial in the Elko County Court our friend Bishoff, of the Humboldt brewery, was called as a witness. Mr. Bishoff is one of the "solid men" of Elko, where he has been in business since the town was started in the Winter of 1868. Upon being sworn, Counsellor Rand, one of the attorneys in the case, who, by the way, is also an old resident of Elko, said: "Mr. Bishoff, where do you reside?" "Where I reside? What for you ask me such foolish things? You drink at my place more as a hundred times." "That has nothing to do with the case on trial, Mr. Bishoff. State to the jury where you reside." "De shurry! de shurry! O, by jiminy! effery gentleman on dis shurry has a string of marks on mine cellar door just like a rail fence." His Honor here interceded in the counsellor's behalf, and in a calm, dignified manner requested the witness to state where he resided. "O, excuse me, Shudge, You drinks at my place so many times and pays nothings. I thinks you know old Bishoff, vat keeps the brewery."—*Nevada Silver State.*

IN MEMORIAM.

MY BROTHER.

Since brother died two years have passed,
Yet still that lingering grief remains;
Naught that this giddy world can give
Can quell the grief my heart contains.

'Twas Henry dear and I—that's all;
No brother, sister, else to love:
But He that rules thought best to call
My brother dear to realms above

When this day, saddest of the year,
Revives the pangs of my lone heart,
My thoughts are on my brother dear,
And on that day we had to part.

Chicago, Jan. 10, 1876. KITTY WHITLAND.

FAULT-FINDING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY SISTER PEGGY.

My mother had a very large family. There were Julia Casey, James do., Mary do., Thomas, Maggy, William, Edward and Charley.

Thomas, who was about the best-looking amongst us, managed to get married the first. William is a sober sort of a fellow, thinking of nothing but his business—bids fair to become a bachelor. Edward is too young yet to think of marriage; but, when he gets to be a few years older, I suppose he'll walk off like the rest. Charley is mother's pet. Julia and Mary are both married, which leaves poor me in the lurch yet.

James, the eldest, took upon him the duties of a father towards us after father's death, which occurred about nine years ago, whence my story starts. I think James worried himself so much with all this heavy responsibility that, instead of his hair turning white, as hair generally does in such cases, it turned to nothing. Alas! sorry I am to tell it, he was bald-headed. This had a great deal to do towards making him so irritable and cross, I believe. He was our household terror from the time he entered the house till he left. Nothing was good enough for him—he would find fault with anything his eyes fell upon, just for the mere talk that would arise from it, and go raving about the house when anybody suggested anything opposite to his wishes. And when one morning he told us all at the breakfast-table that he was going to be married in about a month, we all felt a relief, though I, at the same time, pitied that wife of his exceedingly.

"After seven years. I've been expecting it for a long time. Yes; these last seven years," said I, looking from an open letter in my hand.

"Is not your letter from James, Maggy?" questioned mother, who was now a stout, silver-haired old lady, with a gentle expression.

"Yes, mother; Florence is very ill with low, nervous fever, and they want me to come and stay till she is better. The carriage will be sent at three o'clock, mother. Then I move emphatically that I think it is about time James' tyranny over that little martyr was ended. He is killing her."

"Maggie, he is your brother."

"I can see him in spite if he is. He is just carrying on the way he did before he was married—continual fault-finding."

"I never heard Florence complain."

"She never would. But look at her se

THE STRANGER DOG.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The dogs in a country town will bark
And their bristles raise up high,
Erect their tails and make show of fight
When they pass each other by,
And quarrel and snarl among themselves,
And pull each other down,
Yet keep up friendship and fight as one
When a strange dog comes to town!

The small ones will yelp, the bigger ones growl,
And the largest snap and bite,
Till all are engaged and the matter ends
In a very promiscuous fight.
If the stranger drops his tail and runs
They call him a cowardly pup,
And if he dare to defend himself
All hands go to chawing him up!

It makes no matter how often before
The one may have wronged the other,
Have stolen his bone—a stranger makes
Of each the best kind of brother;
Forgotten is all—each becomes a friend—
With bristling neck and tail
An enemy all see in the stranger dog,
And go for him, tooth and nail!

It may be queer, but I sometimes think
In this they're but acting human,
And that the dog-matic phase we see
Each in mankind can't wonder,
Especially in gossiping country towns,
Where all are cousins or brothers,
And the principal business of everyone is
To attend to that of others!

No matter how much they slander and lie
About the affairs and labors;
What names of scorn and guilt and shame,
They tack to those of their neighbors!
How jealous and envious they may be,
Each of all Christian graces,
Till one would think, in the light of day,
They would never dare show their faces—

How they whisper that this one is that or that,
And talk of "birds of a feather"—
Like crabs, the more they quarrel and fight,
The closer they stick together
When a stranger comes, and do their best
To find out something amiss,
And, banishing all neighborhood feuds,
Meet friendly and smile and kiss!

But the stranger, be it a he or she,
Soon finds the gossip mill going,
And, do what they may, can never stop
The tide of slander that's flowing.
If they try to be sociable, "they want to rule,"
Are "stuck-up," if to themselves keeping,
And the lies and the stories that are told
Are enough to keep angels weeping.

Heaven help the strangers! They'll be "taken in"
As the Scripture never intended,
And if not that, when need it most,
They are the least befriended;
For all the curs, little and big, will bark,
And tear and snarl and bite,
And strange dog or human can never hope
To come unskinned out of the fight.

I pity one blown up in a powder mill,
Run through a threshing-machine,
Ground for sausages, very fine,
Or forced iron rollers between;
One baked in an oven, ceaselessly rolled
'Neath wheels with an endless cog;
And yet their fate is bliss compared
To the stranger, be he human or dog!

JOE RANSOME.

VIOLET MILDMAY;
OR,
IN THE SPIDER'S WEB.

A THRILLING ROMANCE OF LOVE, DECEIT AND CRIME

CHAPTER XXX.

Oh, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive!

Arm-in-arm, Captain Howard Marpoint and Leicester Dodson descended the cliff. The latter's heart of the ladder beating fast with the joy born of hope. In a few minutes he should be near his sweet Violet; should, perhaps, clasp her in his arms—for might she not, in the excitement of the moment, be won to confess that she returned him love for love?

"Come along!" he said. "Every moment—"

"Gently!" replied the captain quietly. "Remember, this path is narrow and somewhat dangerous; a false step, and over we should be."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Leicester, who felt fit for any mad thing. "I could run down it blindfolded."

Thus exhorted, the captain quickened his pace. While passing through the village, Leicester nodded his head towards the "Blue Lion."

"All quiet now," he said. "As I passed this evening they were just coming out. By the way, your old servant still remains at Penruddie; he was drunk, as usual, to-night and noisy."

"Oh, he is quiet now—I dare say, asleep," said the captain with a sardonic grin in the darkness.

"Yes, I suppose so," said Leicester. "All the village is asleep. It is getting late. Do you think that Viol—Miss Mildmay, will have waited so long?"

"What do you think?" asked the captain. "If she should have gone home, it is not much out of your way."

"None at all," said Leicester eagerly. "All ways are my way to-night."

And he commenced climbing the hill at a terrific pace. Suddenly he stopped.

"What is the matter?" asked the captain, who was close behind him.

"I fancied—yes, there it is again," said Leicester—"that I saw a shooting-star. Too large for a star, too. I have seen it before to-night, and, what is strange, I have always noticed that it appears on the same night as the ghost. It's a signal, I really believe, but of what I don't know."

"Oh, no; I think not," said the captain, who knew what the star meant well enough. "I take it to be a gleam of phosphorescent light on the sea."

"No matter," said Leicester curtly. "At least for the present. I have set myself a task in regard to that ghost, and anything mysterious I am ready to connect with it."

"I will join you in ghost-hunting, if you will allow me," said the captain.

Leicester made some rejoinder, and he walked on until the chapel came in sight.

"Strange," mused Leicester. "An hour ago I was longing for Africa; now I would not exchange England for an undiscovered world."

"The wind shifts rapidly," said the captain with his soft, treacherous laugh, "and the weathercock obeys it with all cheerfulness."

Leicester was too happy to resent the sneer, and the next moment they entered the chapel.

"Dark as pitch," he said. "Here is the torch. I do not see—where are you?" he broke off to ask, for the captain had suddenly left his side.

"Here," said the captain.

Leicester turned, but, before he could utter another word, he felt his arms pinioned to his sides, and a bandage thrown over his mouth. He struggled hard and furiously to free his arms and mouth, but his assailants were four to one, and within a few moments he gave up the ineffectual resistance, and knelt—for he had been forced on to his knees at last—nevertheless glaring impotently around him. He could see dark figures flitting about, but a dead silence reigned. It was broken at last by a voice which he knew well. It was Job's.

"Master Leicester, it be of no use to struggle agen too many. Do you give in quietly?"

Leicester thought for a moment, then nodded, pointing to the gag.

"If we take it off, will 'e promise not to shout?" asked Job.

Again Leicester hesitated, and again made a motion in the affirmative.

"Take it off; he'll not break his word," said Job, and someone from behind slipped off the gag.

"Now Mr. Leicester, ' said Job, 'we've got your word. Mind ye, you're not to speak till ye get permission."

Leicester nodded.

"Do you know me?" asked Job.

"I do," said Leicester. "You are Job the carrier, and a scoundrel!"

"Hard words break no bones, and can't ruffle me, Maester Leicester," said Job coolly. "That's more, there aint time for 'em now. I didn't take the gag off for that, neither. I would ask you a question."

"Another question first," said Leicester, struggling inwardly for calm, and determined to remain as cool as possible. "Why am I decoyed here and treated thus?"

"For a good reason, be sure," said Job. "Maester Leicester, you be a clever gentleman, a scholard and so on, and you knows too much for some on us."

"Go on," said Leicester, with suppressed passion.

"You've been prying about too much lately—prying into what don't concern you—and you've discovered summat as you shouldn't a-knowed anything of. Don't I speak the truth?"

"I have discovered nothing," said Leicester. "But, trust me, I will unmask the villain who lured me here, and the scoundrels in his pay."

There was a threatening movement behind him, but Leicester's courage did not flinch. Job shook his head.

"D'ye mean to threaten us, Maester Leicester?" he said. "I'm sorry for it. I'd hoped we'd come to some terms. Suppose you discovered this little game—and you've done it for a certainty—I puts it to you as a gentleman, what harm can it do to you and yours? Do it matter to you gentlefolk if a cask o' wine and a bundle o' cigars is run in now and then without the Customs knowing it?"

"Ah!" said Leicester, the whole secret breaking in upon him. "That's the villainy, is it? So you honest fishermen are a parcel of thieves with a scoundrel at your head! That's the key to the mystery, is it? What! and you dare ask me to connive at your rascality! Job, you know me better. If that knife I see at your belt were at my throat you'd get the same answer! If I live through the night I'll drag you to justice, and you know it!"

"Don't anger us!" said Job hoarsely. "Don't I put it fairly? What does it concern you? Why can't you take the oath like a gentleman to keep your tongue in your teeth and your eyes shut? Not a soul will lay a hand on you, and you may go free as the air. Say that, Maester Leicester, and you're a free man ——"

"Never!" said Leicester. "You waste time and words; you should know me better. If there are any others round me who can hear me, they, too, should know me better than to hope I would make a paltry bargain of my honor. Even to save myself from treachery. I repeat it, if I live through to-night I will bring you to justice, Job, and all your gang."

"Bah! Waste of time, indeed," said a smooth voice behind Job.

"You still there!" said Leicester. "I knew you for a villain when I first saw your vile face and heard your false voice. You triumph to-night, Captain Marpoint, if that is your name; but have a care; a rogue's day is a short one. The reckoning will come, if there is a Heaven above; and that there is a power which can protect the innocent from your snares I know and trust, or I should be tempted to break my word, and ——. You triumph to night, but you will not always do so. Make the most of it. I know you now for what you are! You think to get me out of the way, that you may carry out your plot with safety. My fine fellow, you are mistaken. Such rogues as you do not succeed. Let that be my consolation. The gallows lies in your path, and every little such paltry triumph as this draws you more swiftly down it."

"Pah!" said the soft voice contemptuously. "Fine words, boys. Better waste no more time. The fool is raving mad with fear, and doesn't know what he says."

"Not so mad but he will have one try at your throat, you cur!" said Leicester, with quiet determination.

And with a gigantic jerk he sprang at the spot from where the captain's voice proceeded. But a dozen hands were upon him, he was dragged to the ground, and the low, scornful laugh of the successful schemer mocked him.

"Take him off; it's all o' no use," said Job grimly.

"Yes; take him off," echoed the captain. "Slip on the gag, and trust no more to the fine fellow's honor, or you'll hear the sound of his voice yelling like a frightened servant-girl."

Two or three hands slipped the gag over the captive's mouth, and he was raised on two pair of stout shoulders.

"Good-night," said the captain. "I leave you in good hands, Mr. Leicester Dodson. They'll take care of you. Good-night. I will make your excuse to the person whom you should have met," and, with another mocking grin, the captain, having waited until the crowd of figures were lost in the gloom, turned on his heel and walked rapidly away.

So quietly had the capture and removal of Leicester Dodson been effected that not a dog about the Park had been roused, and the captain, standing on the lawn, waited until he saw the signal which announced the success of the undertaking, then entered the house and stepped quietly upstairs. Not so quietly but that a pair of ears heard him. As he passed Violet's door it opened, and Violet stepped across the threshold. The lamp in the room within threw a sickly glare on her, and made her face appear paler than it was. Yet there seemed a gleam of hope in her eyes, and her voice was stirred by the same feeling as she said, with forced calm:

"You have been very long."

The captain glanced aside and heaved a sigh.

"I had hoped that you would not have waited," he said.

Violet knew by his words that he had been unsuccessful in his mission of peace, and a grayer tint came over her face.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

"You have seen him?" she said in a low, strained voice.

The captain inclined his head.

"Yes,' he said, "I have seen Mr. Leicester."

"And you gave him the message? Oh, tell me, please!" and she clasped her hands with a gesture of despair.

"I know not how to tell you," said the captain brokenly. "At least I can assure you this, that Mr. Dodson is not worth another thought of yours. You, and I also, are utterly mistaken in him. He is neither generous, noble, nor forgiving."

Violet interrupted by a gesture.

"Will you tell me what he said?"

"When I left you," said the captain—still with averted face, as if reluctant to tell her what he knew must mortify and pain her—"when I left you, I walked up to the Cedars, hoping to find him at home, but a servant told me he had gone for his walk. I went down to the village and waited there for some time, and at last looked for him on the beach. I could not find him there, and, as I was determined not to return to you until I had seen him, I made my way back to the village and waited by the cliff road."

He paused a moment to snuff the candle and to glance at her face. He could see she was listening attentively, and he wished her to do so.

"I waited some time, and then walked up the hill. There I met him, and—and—oh, that I could spare you the indignity of this moment!—and gave him your message. At first he treated me with a specimen of his incredulity. He was suspicious of I know not what, and it was not until I took your flower and put it in his hand that he considered I had any authority to speak to him concerning you."

"He took the flower?" said Violet faintly.

The captain inclined his head.

"Yes; he thrust it in his coat with a cynical, mocking laugh. 'Tell her,' said he, 'that I will keep her flowers, but will have none of her love.' You would tell her so, you," he added hurriedly, as Violet staggered slightly and flushed a hot crimson of shame and indignation.

"I did not give you any such message," she burst forth with a wail of wounded pride.

"Nor did I say a word which should call forth such an insult," replied the captain. "You not think of it. He was mad at the time, I fully believe. Mad, raving mad. What could I say or do when he uttered that insult? I turned and left him. I could have felled him to the ground, but my mission was one of peace."

"And he said no more?" asked Violet huskily.

"No more," said the captain. "I watched him as he went down the cliff path and past the inn. The men were coming out, and I feared that, perhaps, in his mad, ill-tempered state, he should be so indiscreet as to run against my man Starling, for he was among the group. But Mr. Dodson passed on, and the men dispersed, Starling alone going in the direction of the people's house."

He paused to let his words, slowly spoken, carry their full weight and make their due impression, then continued:

"Then I came on home, but I could not find heart to see you. I determined to wait until you had gone to bed; you would be stronger in the morning to bear the shock."

He paused again.

"With that resolve I paced up and down the lane, I must confess with the hope that Mr. Dodson would return, and, his ill-temper vented, give me a more satisfactory answer to your gentle, noble message. But he has not returned—at least by that road; he may have ascended to the Cedars by the lower road—and at last, thinking you must by this time have retired to rest, I ventured to come in."

There was a silence, unnatural and ghostly in its intensity, then Violet spoke. Her voice was heavy and weary, but there was a ring of true dignity in it such as would have filled a less base nature than the captain's with pity and reverence.

"I thank you," she said. "I thank you from my heart. I did what I thought right, and, though it has won me nothing but insult, I think it right still. Mr. Leicester Dodson misunderstood and misjudged me. He said that I had wronged and injured him. I meant to do neither in thought nor deed had I intended him harm. So far I am right, the rest let him be answerable for."

"Nobly spoken!" exclaimed the captain in a voice apparently choked with emotion. "Nobly spoken. Yours is a proud nature, worthy the daughter of my old friend Sir Mildmay. Good-night. You are wearied to death. Good-night."

He took her hand and bowed over it, and, with a gesture as if he were swallowing tears, hurriedly walked away towards his own room.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Tis a vile thing to die
When men are unprepared and look not for it.

We had best draw a veil over the remainder of that night so far as Violet's feelings are concerned. Nothing, says a poet, is more terrible than a woman scorned. She had been insulted by the man she loved, and the insult rankled and festered at her heart and turned the hours of the night into torture wellnigh unendurable. The captain, on the contrary, slept the sleep of the innocent and just. He did not even dream of a white, mangled face lying on the jagged rocks. In the morning he came down, dressed with his usual care, smiling and serene. Mrs. Mildmay had not succeeded in rousing Violet, so she made no excuse for her.

"I think she has not been well lately, and I fancy a change would do her good," said the simple lady. "Perhaps it would be as well for us to go up to town."

"Yes," said the captain, "I should propose it. I hear the Lacklands intend returning to London. May I thank you for a little more tea?"

And he proceeded with his breakfast in the most comfortable and languid manner. Presently Violet made her appearance. She was very white, and, as Mrs. Mildmay had said, not at all the thing. She kissed her aunt, shook hands with Captain Marpoint, and glided to her seat. The captain opened the newspaper, and, while pretending to read it, glanced over the top and scanned Violet's face. Mrs. Mildmay chatted in her usual common-place way, and the breakfast threatened to go off as quietly and uneventually as usual. But suddenly the sound of many voices broke the monotony, and the captain, looking through the window, saw a small crowd approaching up the lane.

"Quite a commotion" he said with a smile. "Is this a saint's day, and are they coming to ask alms?"

"No," said Mrs. Mildmay. "What are they?"

Violet glanced out of the window languidly, and turned to the table again.

"They seem to be coming to the house," said the captain, putting up his eye-glass. "Yes; here they are, going round to the back entrance."

"What can they want?" mused Mrs. Mildmay.

"I cannot conjecture," said the captain, sipping his coffee.

Presently, after the lapse of a few moments, the footman entered.

"You are wanted, sir," he said, addressing the captain.

"I?" said the captain.

"Yes, sir," said the man.

"Very well," said the captain airily, "I will come out."

So he folded his paper, sipped his coffee, and, murmuring placidly "I wonder what they want," rose and left the room.

"I wonder what it can be," said Mrs. Mildmay. "Have you any idea, Violet?"

"No, aunt," said Violet languidly. "They have come on business, perhaps."

After a few minutes the captain re-entered.

His face was very grave, almost solemn.

Mrs. Mildmay, loooking at it, felt a vague alarm.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Nothing—not much," hesitated the captain, glancing at Violet. "An accident has happened."

"An accident!" repeated Violet, looking up with her white face. "To whom?"

"To—no—no one in particular—that is to say—no one for whom you care."

"To whom, then?" asked Mrs. Mildmay.

The captain closed the door softly and came up to the table.

"To my man Starling," he said gravely. "He has fallen over the cliffs."

"Fallen over the cliffs!" echoed Mrs. Mildmay. "How dreadful!"

"Is it not?" he exclaimed. "Terrible! Poor fellow! I saw him last night," and here he glanced at Violet.

"And he has fallen over!" exclaimed Mrs. Mildmay. "And where did they find him?"

"That I have scarcely learned," said the captain. "It seems that they have taken the body to the coastguard station, and that they require me to identify it."

"You will go at once?" said Mrs. Mildmay.

"At once," he said, and rang the bell for his hat.

Violet sat quite silent, her head leaning upon her hand.

The captain gravely sipped his coffee until his hat came; then he put it on and prepared to accompany the men.

"There is great excitement," he said. "This sort of men wish to a conclusion directly."

"What conclusion have they rushed to?" asked Mrs. Mildmay.

"They think he met his death by foul play," replied the captain. "But," he added quickly, "that is only ignorant fishermen's supposition. I will go down to the coastguard station and see him," and he left the room.

Outside the house was a small knot of men. The captain went out to them and touched his hat.

"Which is the nearest way?" he asked.

A dozen voices answered him; and, thus guided and accompanied, he set off. In silence, followed by the crowd, he made his way to the coastguard station. The door was closed, and another small crowd surrounded them. The captain knocked, and a coastguardsman opened the door, admitted him, and closed it upon the crowd.

"Good-morning, captain," he said, touching his hat; "a sad affair this."

"Very," said the captain. "Where is the poor fellow?"

"In here," said the coastguard, and led the way to an inner room.

Upon the table lay stretched out the mangled form of the escaped convict Jem Starling. The captain approached and uncovered his head.

"Dreadful!" he said, turning away. "Dreadful!"

"You recognize him?" asked the coastguard.

"Oh, yes," replied the captain. "It is Starling, my old servant. I recognize him at once."

The coastguard nodded.

"Where did you find him?" asked the captain gravely.

"Under the cliff—about a quarter of a mile before you come to the guard-box."

"He fell over, of course?" said the captain.

The coastguard remained silent and stared down at the body gravely.

"You have no doubt of that?" pursued the captain.

"Can't say, sir," replied the man with a strange shake of the head. "Can't say. Ben Bolt found him."

"Where is Ben Bolt?" asked the captain.

The coastguard opened a side door and called the man by his name.

A short, weather-beaten figure entered, and, seeing the captain, touched his hat.

"The captain wants to know where you found this unfortunate body, Ben," said the man.

"On the rocks below the cliff," replied the man.

"Ah," said the captain, "just where the path is narrowest. The poor fellow fell over, no doubt. I saw him last night, and he was very intoxicated."

The two coastguard's exchanged glances.

"What course do you intend taking?" asked the captain.

"We've telegraphed to the inspector of police at Tenby," said the coastguard. "He'll be over here directly, and we can tell him what we know and give the things we've found."

"What things?" inquired the captain.

The two men exchanged glances again, and, after a few moments of hesitation, the head coastguard drew near the captain and whispered:

"It's a mysterious business, captain; we've found more than the body."

"What do you mean?" asked the captain.

"Fetch 'em here, Ben," said the man, and Ben Bolt, touching his hat, went to a cupboard, from which he brought a light felt hat and a withered lily.

"There!" said the head coastguard.

"Well," said the captain. "This is his hat—is it not?"

"No," said Ben Bolt, "it bean't, and everybody knows it. There be his hat," and he pointed to the hat which lay beside the body. "There be his hat, which he allus used to wear. This 'un was found near him—close beside him, you may say—just as if it had fell off with him."

"And the flower?" asked the captain.

"Was tight in his hand—tight as if a vice held it," replied Ben Bolt.

"Let me see the hat," said the captain.

The coastguard handed the hat, and the captain examined it.

"I have seen this hat before," he said, looking at it with a puzzled air. "I am sure I have seen it before. Ah!" he exclaimed suddenly.

"What's the matter?" inquired the coastguard.

"N—nothing," said the captain, who seemed visibly affected.

"I know what's took you so sudden like," said the coastguard. "You caught sight o' these two letters," and he turned up the hat and pointed to "L. D.," which was marked on the inside rim.

The captain nodded gravely.

"I confess it," he said. "I did see them."

"So did we," said the coastguard, "and so we telegraphed to Tenby at once."

"Let me look at that flower," said the captain suddenly.

Ben Bolt handed him the broken and withered lily.

The captain looked at it for a moment with deep scrutiny, then turned pale.

The two men exchanged glances.

"You've seen that flower before?" said the coastguard.

"I have—that is, I cannot say," said the captain hurriedly. "Better look them up and show them to the inspector."

The coastguard nodded.

"That's it," he said; "let him take all the trouble; it aint no business of mine, and I aint a-goin' to make it any. I'm here to look after smugglers, not this sort o' business."

The captain nodded.

"Nothing else found near or upon the body?" he asked.

The coastguard shook his head.

"We haven't felt in any o' the pockets," he said. "This hat is all that was near it, and this 'ere flower was clasped in his hand."

The captain nodded.

"I see," he said gravely. "It is a serious and a terrible thing."

And he turned to leave the station.

Presently he turned back again suddenly.

"Has Mr. Leicester Dodson been to identify the body?" he asked.

The two men looked at each other.

"No, he haven't," said the coastguard.

And the captain, after a moment's pause, left the station and ascended the cliffs, with the small crowd at his heels again. Very slowly he walked home. When he came to the lawn wicket, he hesitated a moment and turned back again. He ascended the path leading to the Cedars and rang the bell at the lodge. The lodge-keeper came out to him.

"Is Mr. Dodson at home?" he asked.

"I believe he be, sir," said the man, opening the gates.

The captain passed through and reached the house. A footman ushered him into the drawing-room.

"Will you tell Mr. Dodson I wish to see him?" he asked. "Say you see Mr. Leicester, say that I am here," he added.

The man bowed and left the room. Presently Mrs. Dodson entered.

"Oh, good-morning, captain," she said, holding out her hand. "Neither Mr. Dodson nor my son is at home. Mr. Dodson has gone to London with Mr. Lemming, and Leicester I have not seen yet."

"Oh, it is of no consequence," said the captain. "I stepped up to tell them of an accident which has occurred in the village."

"An accident! I am sorry for that! What is it?"

"A man fell over the cliff," said the captain.

"One of the fishermen?" asked Mrs. Dodson.

"No," said the captain, rising, and he told her who it was.

She looked very much shocked, but certainly displayed no extraordinary feminine alarm, and the captain, being convinced that neither Mr. Dodson nor Leicester were at home, took his leave. When he entered the breakfast-room at the Park, he did not notice, or pretended that he did not notice, Violet, who was sitting at the window, half-hidden by the curtain; but, advancing to Mrs. Mildmay, he said in a tone of grave concern:

"It is as I feared, my dear madam. The man is Starling, my late valet."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Mildmay.

"And he was found lying on the rocks below the cliffs. He had suddenly fallen over or been thrown over."

"Thrown over!" repeated Mrs. Mildmay with a look of horror. "Oh, who could be guilty of such a horrible crime?"

"I do not know—I cannot say," said the captain, who seemed much agitated. "Has Mr. Leicester Dodson been here this morning?"

"No," said Mrs. Mildmay. "Did you expect him?"

"Oh, no," said the captain. "I should like to see him—indeed, I went up to the Cedars hoping to see him, but I could not find either him or Mr. Dodson at home."

"Why did you want to see him?" asked the simple lady.

"I should have liked him to see the body, and to ask him a few questions," said the captain, who knew that the white-muslined figure in the window-seat was listening attentively.

"But why?" asked Mrs. Mildmay. "You identified the poor fellow sufficiently, I should think, and what questions could you have to ask?"

The captain drew nearer with an expression of troubled perplexity. Suddenly he laid his hand upon Mrs. Mildmay's arm, and, with a grave look, said:

"I had better tell you—I had better tell you, so that you may be on your guard and keep the news from Violet. I have seen the man, and something else—a hat which was found lying beside him."

Mrs. Mildmay glanced at the window, but the captain did not seem to notice.

"The hat was Leicester Dodson's—I knew it by the initials marked inside it—and the flower was one which I gave him late last night."

Mrs. Mildmay uttered a cry of horror, and it was echoed by a voice behind the curtain. The next moment Violet confronted him.

"What?" she breathed, her eyes distended and her face white.

"You here!" exclaimed the captain in a tone of self-reproach. "Nothing, my dear young lady."

"You say his hat and the flower were lying beside the dead man!" she breathed. "What do you mean? What do they all mean? They do not say he killed him?" and, with a faint cry, she fell back.

The captain caught her with a cry of alarm. Mrs. Mildmay rushed to the bell. The door opened, and the footman appeared.

"Did you ring, ma'am? Mr. Thaxton has arrived."

At his name Violet seemed relieved. She drew herself upright from the captain's arms, and, pushing her hair from her white forehead, said, with unnatural calm:

"Mr. Thaxton the lawyer? Show him in!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

ANOTHER YEAR GONE.

Poor dear old one!
What has it done?
"What odds?" you say;
"It's had its day."
Poor dear old one!
Well—p'raps it's fun
To pull down one!
What's it done for me?
Ha! ha! "What's one?

AN ARKANSAS FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

Bob, you are about leaving home for strange parts. You are going to throw me out of the game and go it alone. The odds are agin you, Bob. Remember that industery and perseverance are the winning cards, as they are the "bowers." Book-larning and all that sort of thing will do to fill up with, like small trumps, you must have the bowers to back them, or they aint worth shucks. If luck is agin you pretty strong, don't cave and look like a sick chicken on a rainy day, but hold up your head and make believe you are flush of stamps. If they don't play so hard agin you, I've lived and traveled around some, and I've found out that as soon as folks thought you held a weak hand they'd all buck agin you strong. So, when you're sorter weak, keep on a bold front, but play cautious—be satisfied with a pint. Many's the hand I've seen suckred because they played for too much. Keep your eye well skinned, Bob; don't let 'em nig you; recollect, the game lies as much with head as with hands. Be temperate; never get drunk, for then, no matter how you play it, both bowers and the ace won't save you, for there's certain to be a misdeal or something wrong. And another thing, Bob (this was spoken in a low tone), don't go too much on women; queens is kinder poor cards; the more you have of them the worse for you; you might have three and nary trump. I don't say discard 'em all; you got hold of one that is a trump; it's all your good, and there's sartin to be one out of four. And above all, Bob, be honest; never take a man's trick wot don't belong to you, nor slip "cards or aig," for then you can't look your man in the face; and when that's the case there's no fun in the game; it's a regular "cut-throat." So now, Bob, farewell. Remember what I tell you, and you will be sure to win; and if you don't, it sarves you right to be "skunked."

MRS. MARY SCHNERLY, of Hagerstown, Md., is not only remarkable for having attained the great age of one hundred and three, but, unlike very aged persons, she has no wrinkles on her face or on her hands, nor has the weight of years caused her form to droop, but she stands and sits perfectly straight, uses none of the common artificial aids in walking, moving about freely and unassisted. She was married to Colonel David Schnerly in 1791, and they lived together just fifty years, and without issue. She was invited by Rev. Mrs. McCauley of Baltimore, who is connected with her by marriage, to pay her a visit and to remain a day or two to rest herself, on her way to the Centennial Exhibition, which she proposes to attend next year if her life is spared. To this Mrs. Schnerly replied that when she made the trip she intended going to Philadelphia without stopping anywhere.

THE FLOWERS' CHOICE.

I heard the flowers on a day
Confess in turn the fate which they
Would deem most blessed.
The timid Violet whispered: "I
Would choose to live—I dare not die!
Let me be pressed!"

The Moss-rose raised its dainty head,
And, blushing: "Ah! what bliss," it said,
"For aye to rest
On some fair maiden's bosom soft,
And, with her loving fingers, oft
To be caressed!"

The gaudy Peony declared,
As arrogant around it stared:
"To be admired
Is all I ask! And 'tis my due;
My loveliness leaves nothing new
To be desired!"

The modest Daisy said: "I know,
Alas! I am not fit to grow
Mid such as ye!
Yet God hath given to each a place,
To occupy a little space,
Though mean he be.

Content with my estate, I pray,
Where He has placed me, there to stay
Till life is done;
Enjoying warmth, enjoying light,
Until my everlasting night
Obscure the sun!"

And last the Lily, fair and mild,
Spoke, sighing: "When a little child
Is snatched by Death,
I'd love to nestle pure and bright
Within its hand, so cold and white;
Or in a wreath

I'd twine me o'er the coffin's lid,
Till from the mother's sight 'twas hid;
And I would make
The hideousness of Death appear
Less fearful by its absence fair,
For her poor sake!"

The Lily spoke; and for a space
The dewy tears were shed apace!
And all confessed
Who heard her gentle words that she,
So full of love and sympathy,
Had chosen best!

LE NOIR TIGRE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY MNEMOSYNE.

Great preparations had been made for the performance on the evening of one of the few festive days of the year. The fences of the town were covered with gandily-illuminated posters and "cuts," and from the centre-pole of the canvas and every available point floated flags and streamers and pennons.

Well the manager knew how to take advantage of popular enthusiasm—to cater for the taste of a public that on "gala days" were inclined to be more liberal than usual; and well had he calculated the point of stopping for the time, no "show" having been there for many months, and the pockets of the people being plethoric with the proceeds of an abundant harvest.

But he was too old in the business to trust to these things without unusual effort—without straining every nerve to make success a certainty, and so resorted to every possible means to gain the golden end which is the "be-all and end-all" of such enterprises.

The "show," in the parlance of the people—"the great, wonderful and unique consolidation of nature and grace and daring," as printed upon the bills—was a dual one, the first of that character ever seen in that portion of the land. It was an interweaving of circus and menagerie—a commingling of trained men and horses, and animals "from the unexplored jungles of the Old World!" This, in itself an unusual attraction, was rendered still more so by the flaming accounts of what would be done; and, had the reality but equaled the paper ideal, it would indeed have proved "the paragon of all exhibitions ever witnessed in America."

"Everything ready—everything done?" questioned the manager as he looked around and rubbed his hands complacently together. "Anything more we can do to attract the crowd and please the people?"

"Nothing particular that I can think of," answered his *chef de cheval*. Plain "master of horse" or "ringmaster" would not have looked well upon the bills.

"Everything in order. That's good. I wouldn't have a failure on any account. It's getting too near Winter to lose a single trick in the ever-doubtful game we are playing, and the season has not been too prosperous. By the way, what do you think of taking the black tiger into the ring, as we have advertised?"

"Don't like it. We have only done so a couple of times, and you know what trouble we had."

"But he is old, and training has made him submissive."

"And sullen. I was talking to Jim King (the lion-tamer) but now, and he says that, as long as he has handled him, he never saw him so much out of temper. Really he hasn't eaten anything for a couple of days, and that will make him more savage."

"And weaker, and more easily managed."

"Perhaps. But King says it is a bad sign. When these brutes are gorged, they are not one-half as dangerous."

"Pshaw!" replied the manager, growing out of patience. "I reckon King is more sullen than the tiger. He never fancies doing an extra act, even for a benefit. I've half a mind to let Flore Beranger perform the animal outside of the cage, as she has sometimes done within. Yes, by Jupiter, I'll do it. She'd like nothing better, and it would draw an immense house."

"No," said the coastguard, "and he told her who it was.

The manager heard the announcement with a shudder. The girl named was young and beautiful, and, even though daring as a Sioux, was utterly wanting in physical ability to attempt such a thing. On a couple of rare occasions she had been permitted to perform the tiger when in confinement and guarded in every possible manner. But even then a thrill of horror had crept through the audience as they saw how entirely hopeless she would be in case it was aroused to anger—how one single stroke of its massive paws would fell her to the floor, and one sweep of the long, sharp claws tear out the heart from the bravely beating bosom.

And to loose the beast in the ring was another thing—one a thousand-fold more dangerous. Memory traveled swiftly back to the time when the brawny-muscled and steel-protected King had rushed through with such a performance at the peril of not only his own life, but those of the spectators—had, with the greatest difficulty, hustled the fierce beast back into the cage, and fallen unnerved by its side.

All this was called to mind by the ringmaster in a few words, and it was done with far more of feeling than simple humanity could have accounted for, and the true reason must have been found in a much warmer flow of the heart's blood. The fact was, Max St Clair loved the beautiful and daring French girl with all the passion intensity, and harm to her would leave a wound that even time could cause but little to heal.

Chance threw the girl within hearing of his words, and her proud lip curled with the most sublime scorn as she stood tossing her black hair into curls with her heavily-jeweled fingers, while her eyes kindled as if aflame.

"What say you, Flore?" asked the manager as he became aware of her presence.

"To performing *le noir tigre?*" she questioned in return.

"Yes; to having him in the ring. Would not that be glorious? Think what fame it would bring to you, Flore?"

"*Grande! magnifique!*" and the little hands were clapped joyously together.

"And think of the danger," suggested St. Clair.

She laughed merrily at the idea. Nature had formed her almost above the fear of such things. She had hitherto entered the cage of the beasts without so much as a tremor of nerve, and had no actual realization that the risk she would run would be greater than when heavy oaken planks and iron bars confined, and could instantly be used for protection.

In the broken English that fell beautifully from her lips, she argued against the position taken by her lover, and entered heart and soul into the arrangement of a performance—a striking tableau, in which she and the royal black tiger should be the central figures and play the most important parts.

In vain St. Clair reasoned and pleaded with her. The love that had until then remained unspoken burst through all the embankments of restraint and was told in burning words. She acknowledged her in return—frankly and freely confessed it—and yet could not be restrained from braving the sharp teeth and strong claws of the tiger—could not be made to realize that the fame to be won would be purchased at too terrible a price.

"Me no frite," she said in her most pretty and playful manner, and went on declaring that she always had the most perfect command of the fierce beast—that he loved her in return, for she had petted him, and ruled far more by affection than King did or ever could do by a literal rod of iron.

"It may be. God knows! I hope so," answered her lover with a heavy sigh. "But I fear, I fear."

"Me no fear, me laff. Me one *grande veine tigre!*"

Urged by her own mad ambition to win the name of the "Tiger Queen" by the promptings of the manager and his promise of a golden reward, she persisted in her determination to perform with the savage beast in the ring, and was more than pleased when she saw the streets billed with the announcement, and heard the enthusiasm of the populace at the extra and unprecedented attraction.

Not so with her now avowed lover. He was ill at ease and feared the very worst, well knowing that her life hung upon even a more slender thread than one of her own finely-spun hairs; and, failing to turn her from the next to insane purpose that had fastened upon her mind, he did all within human power to counterbalance any danger. As if such a thing were possible! Long and earnest were his consultations with King, who made no secret of either his disgust at being superseded (and most of all by a mere girl!), or his opinion upon the subject.

"Flore is just as pretty as can be," he said—"got eyes like black diamonds, and her like night. She's brave, too, but don't know what she is undertaking. You remember when I tried it?"

"Only too vividly."

"Well, I swore it should be the last time. All of you thought I came off unhurt; but it wasn't so. Where the shirt of flesh and blood covered me I was all right, but I could show you scars enough on my arms and limbs. I tell you the girl will stand no more chance than a partridge in a catamount's claws, or one of those pretty, little, harmless doves they put into the cage of that horrible python. If the tiger gets out of humor (and after the way he has acted for a few days I wouldn't trust him), she'll certainly be killed. But when it is done, don't say that I didn't give you all fair warning."

Yet once again St. Clair sought Flore. She was most enthusiastically engaged in preparing for the evening. He told her all King had said; but she would not listen to him. Her mind was fully made up. She would perform with the tiger or—she scarcely paused to think what the alternative would be. And St. Clair saw nothing more of her until she was about to step within the arena, gorgeous in colors and glittering with spangles—every inch a queen.

The audience were upon the tip-toe of expectation—were in a state of almost breathless suspense—scarcely knowing what part the beautiful and daring French girl was to take in the living tableau; and more than one regretting that they had ventured thither in view of the crush and the more than possible danger, for what might a loosed tiger not take it into its savage head to do?

As a sudden gleam of white light, a snowy horse dashed into and around the ring, bearing Flore. Hands, handkerchiefs, bouquets and voices greeted and welcomed her. She bowed to the storm of applause, rode triumphantly for a time, then leaped lightly to the ground, and, tripping to the cage undid the fastenings, and, laying her little hand upon the neck of the beast, led him captive.

The storm of applause was hushed; a death-like stillness took its place, and the faces that were flushed but an instant before were now as pale as ashes. It seemed beyond human reasoning that the girl should be thus reckless should thus court being torn limb from limb—so much more massive and grand did the animal look than when in confinement, so much more intensely black was his skin, more fiery his eyes, more sinewy his long, lithe body, and more sharp and dangerous his teeth and claws. Ah! should he disregard her power, and leap into the audience, what a carnival of groans and shrieks and blood would follow, he being transformed for the time into an avalanche of destruction.

But the brute appeared to be entirely under her control. He walked by her side as a great cat might have done, and she played with him as with a household pet; and, had she been satisfied with this (as certainly the audience would have been), all would have gone well. But suddenly the mad idea seized her to make him ride around the circle with her. She led him toward the trembling and affrighted steed (who would have instantly fled, had he not been forcibly restrained), and, springing to the saddle, motioned the tiger to follow.

One bound was sufficient. But the horse swerved aside, despite of all holding; the beast partially missed his leap, struck his claws into the flesh to save himself from falling, and the hot blood spurted out beneath them.

Then, indeed, all of tiger fierceness awoke within him. His teeth sank deeply into the neck of the horse—the air was filled with growls and shrieks of pain, the rush and crush for the doors were terrible, the struggles of the throttled horse frantic, the ef

OUR ENGRAVING.

Through the courtesy of Mr. T. H. Morrell of this city we are enabled to present our readers with a view of the first Chatham Theatre erected in New York. During the Summer of 1822 Chatham Garden, a pleasant retreat, located on the northerly side of Chatham street, between Duane and Pearl streets, and running through to Augustus street (now known as City Hall place), was the great resort of the beauty and fashion of New York, and it was then as highly esteemed as Niblo's Garden subsequently was in the zenith of its popularity. It had a rural saloon, which was used for concerts and light dramatic pieces. Henry Barriere, a French gentleman of taste and experience, who was its proprietor, and who succeeded in establishing here a regular theatre, died in New York Feb. 21, 1826, at the age of 42 years. This theatre should not be confounded with the new Chatham Theatre, afterwards Purdy's National, which was situated on the southeast side of Chatham street, between Roosevelt and James streets, and which was first opened Sept. 11, 1839. The theatre of which we present an interior view was first opened to the public May 17, 1824. The lower floor was the pit, and was occupied by men and boys only. The seats consisted simply of wooden benches without backs. The seats in the tiers above were divided into spaces popularly called boxes. The opening company, which had never been surpassed in merit in a New York theatre, included Messrs. Thomas Kilner (stage-manager), Henry Wallack, George Barrett, Spiller, Alex. Simpson, Thomas Burke, W. Robertson, Moreland, Stone, Somerville, Allen, Anderson, Williamson, J. Jefferson Jr. (the father of "Rip Van Winkle" Jefferson), C. Durang, Collins, Ollif; Mmes. Entwistle, Henry, Waring, Burke, Walstein, C. Durang, H. Wallack, Kilner, Allen, Spiller; and the Misses P. M. Clarke and Ollif. The dedicatory bill included an opening address, delivered by Mrs. Entwistle (formerly the fascinating Mrs. Mason of the Park Theatre), and the comedy of "The Soldier's Daughter," cast as follows:

Gov. Heartall....Mr. Kilner | Simon.....Mr. Somerville
Frank Heartall...G. Barrett | Widow Cheerly.....
Malfort Sr.....Mr. Allen | .....Mrs. Entwistle
Malfort Jr.....Mr. Stone | Mrs. Malfort.....Mrs. Durang
Woodley.....J. Jefferson Jr | Julia.....Miss Ollif
Ferrett.....Mr. Stone | Mrs. Fidget....Mrs. Walstein
Tim Quaint.....A. Simpson | Susan.....Mrs. Allen

and concluding with the farce of "Raising the Wind."

Jeremy Diddler...G. Brrrett | Sam.....A. Simpson
Plainway.....Mr. Stone | Miss Durable..Mrs. Walstein
Fainwould.....J. Jefferson Jr | Peggy.....Mrs. Durang

On May 18 Mrs. Anne Jane Henry made a triumphant metropolitan debut here as Letitia Hardy, she having previously acted in Boston. On June 24, 1826, she married George Barrett, popularly known as "Gentleman" George, and as Mrs. Barrett she was professionally known until death, which occurred in Boston, Mass., Dec. 22, 1853. On May 24 Mrs. Burke was seen for the first time here. In July, 1826, she married J. Jefferson Jr. She was the mother of the present comedian of that name. She died in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1850. In May, 1825, Mrs. Henry Wallack made her first appearance as an actress in New York, she having previously been seen only as a dancer. Mrs. A. Drake, who died near Louisville, Ky., Sept. 1, 1875, began an engagement here June 25. Miss Russell, now known as Mrs. George Farren, and an excellent representative of elderly females, made her first appearance on any stage as the Page in a farce called "Purse." On July 12 the late William Rufus Blake here made his first appearance on the New York stage. He was then a dashing light comedian, and had a handsome, well-turned figure, that gave little indication of the immense rotundity which he eventually attained. On July 22 the veteran comedian Joseph Jefferson Sr. began his last engagement in New York. He made it here as Acres in the farce of Henry J. Finn began an engagement on Aug. 5, and on the 10th Shakespeare's comedy of "The Twelfth Night" was played for the first time in twenty years, with a cast which, as a whole, has never been surpassed on the New York stage. It was as follows:

Orsino.....H. J. Finn | Sir Andrew Aguecheek.....H. J. Finn
Sir Toby Belch.....T. Kilner | Sebastian..Mrs. H. Wallack
Malvolio.....Mr. Spiller | Viola.....Mrs. Henry
Clown.....Mr. Spiller | Olivia.....Mrs. Entwistle
Fabian.....Mrs. Moreland | Maria.....Mrs. C. Durang

The celebrated Mrs. Duff, supported by her husband, began an engagement Aug. 12. Mrs. Hughes, the popular old woman at Burton's Theatre, made her first appearance on Aug. 25. She had previously played as Mrs. Young at the Park Theatre in 1812. She died near Albany, N. Y., about May 1, 1867. Mr. and Mrs. Palmer Fisher and their two little daughters—Oceana and Alexine—were added to the company on Sept. 6. Mrs. Fisher afterwards became Mrs. E. N. Thayer, and died in Atlantic City, N. J., July 22, 1873. Alexina Fisher became the wife of the late J. Lewis Baker, and she is still following her profession in Philadelphia. The Marquis De Lafayette visited the Theatre on Sept. 7. Francis Courtney Wemyss made his first appearance in New York Sept. 20, acting Marplot in "The Busybody." He died here Jan. 5, 1859. John Augustus Stone, a member of this company, was the author of "Metamora." Matilda Twibill, who afterwards became the celebrated Mrs. Flynn, made her debut on the stage Nov. 22, in a specialty role, aided by her father and brother, Master Joseph. She made her debut as an actress in this same theatre Nov. 29, 1826. The first season terminated Feb. 28, 1825. The most important event of the second season was the first appearance in New York of Miss Riddle, on Sept. 18, 1825. She afterwards became Mrs. W. H. Smith, and died in this city Sept. 25, 1861. After the death of Mr. Barriere, as above recorded, the lease of the theatre was assigned to Henry Wallack, who opened it March 20, 1826. The elder Conway and Mrs. Duff performed together for a number of nights commencing June 5, and for the former's benefit, on June 26, "Julius Cæsar" was acted, with the chief characters powerfully cast, as follows: Julius Cæsar, James M. Scott; Marc Antony, Henry Wallack; Brutus, W. A. Conway; Cassius, John Duff; Portia, Mrs. Duff; Calphurnia, Mrs. Henry Wallack. On July 31 Thomas Placide made his first appearance in New York. The season closed 17, and, after being refurnished and handsomely decorated, the theatre was reopened Oct. 9, 1826, with Henry Wallack as manager and J. B. Booth as stage-manager. The latter made his first appearance here on his return from Europe on the 16th, acting Richard III. Thomas S. Hamblin appeared Nov. 2, and soon after acted opposite character-actors to Booth. During that month Mr. Booth acted Roderick Dhu in "The Lady of the Lake" several times. The season closed very abruptly in April, 1827, and it was said that Mr. Wallack was bankrupt. That was the last fashionable season at the Chatham Theatre. It passed rapidly through the hands of many succeeding managers, most of whom lost money or credit in trying to resuscitate its failing fortunes. The popularity of the Park Theatre, the opening of the Bowery Theatre, the performances at the Lafayette Theatre and Mount Pitt Circus, and also the Summer concerts in Castle Garden so divided the patronage of the public that this theatre never regained its pristine popularity. Mr. Megary opened it June 6, 1827, and ran it until about the middle of July, when the season ended and the theatre was thoroughly reconstructed. The auditorium was raised twelve feet, the stage enlarged, the fronts of the boxes were painted in fresco, divided into panels, and displayed in relief heads of Byron, Scott and other poets. The house was lighted with gas and a magnificent glass chandelier hung from the centre of the dome. In point of comfort and elegance it was unsurpassed in the Union. It was reopened by Mr. Megary Dec. 3, 1827, with Robert Maywood as stage-manager. The late Charles W. Taylor made his first appearance in New York Dec. 20. John R. Scott and Brown appeared 31. On Jan. 31, 1828, Tom Flynn made his first appearance in New York, acting Rover in "Wild Oats." The season ended early in March. Thomas Abthorp Cooper, whose popularity as a star was on the wane, opened this theatre Sept. 15, 1828. C. B. Parsons made his first appearance in this city on the 26th. He subsequently became a very popular preacher in the Methodist Church in the West. On the same night W. F. Gates, who subsequently became a favorite comedian, made his first appearance in this city. On Sept. 27 Miss Ann Duff Waring, a daughter of Mrs. W. Blake by her first husband, made her debut upon the stage. She is Mrs. J. W. Wallack Jr., and is living with her mother in retirement. Mr. Cooper's season came to grief on Nov. 1. The late J. H. Hackett took it, and, after thoroughly renovating it, opened it May 20, 1829, with a superb company, under the title of the American Opera-house. Henry Wallack was the stage-manager. Hackett, Clara Fisher and Booth played star engagements, and the season closed July 4; but Mr. Hackett reopened it on the 15th, with Mr. Archer as the general manager, and some changes in the company. George W. Dixon created quite a furor by singing his negro song of "Coal-black Rose." Augustus Addams acted Macduff and Cassio to the Macbeth of Mr. Rice and the Othello of Charles R. Thorne Sr. The season ended Sept. 1, and Mr. Hackett found more lucrative employment. George Barrett and C. Young opened it Dec. 24, and their season lasted about a fortnight. It was next reopened, under the name of Blanchard's Amphitheatre, Jan. 18, 1830, and for many months enjoyed a large share of public patronage. Equestrian and dramatic performances were given. The establishment passed into the hands of Mr. Blanchard into those of Moses S. Phillips, who opened it March 11, 1831, with A. Addams as a chief feature. The Blanchard Family gave equestrian and other performances, and Calvin Edson the "living skeleton" acted Jeremiah Thin in the comedy of "Rochester." Mr. Flynn appeared as a star Sept. 20. On April 11, for the benefit of Mr. Nelson, the prompter, Danforth Marble, afterwards the celebrated Yankee comedian, made his first acknowledged appearance on the stage, acting Robin Roughead. He paid twenty dollars for the privilege. The season closed about the middle of April, and then passed into the hands of Charles R. Thorne Sr., who had it entirely renovated, and here made his first attempt at management on May 4, 1831. The season closed about the middle of June, and then Thomas S. Hamblin took it, and J. B. Booth, A. Addams, Miss Emery, Mrs. Hill, and Alexina Fisher appeared as stars. During the Summer of 1831 George Handel Hill, commonly called Yankee Hill, made his first successful appearance in a series of comic songs, sketches and Yankee stories. In October, 1831, a French opera company from the Park Theatre played several nights. In January, 1832, Mr. and Mrs. Hilson performed a very successful star engagement. The last performance of which there is any record took place March 20 for the benefit of J. F. Isaacson, proprietor of the saloons. The entertainments consisted of horsemanship and Noah's drama of "She Would be a Soldier." Soon after the theatre was converted into a free Presbyterian chapel, and became a place of great religious resort. It was also used by the Sacred Music Society for the performance of oratorios and for other musical entertainments. After the erection of the Broadway Tabernacle, Chatham Chapel was transformed into a hotel. Such, in brief, is the history of one of the most popular theatres that ever existed in New York.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' INCOME.—The total annual income of the Prince of Wales from all sources is about $575,000. The Princess receives, besides, $50,000. When they were married, twelve years ago, his income was $500,000. The savings of the Duchy of Cornwall during his minority reached the sum of $2,700,000. Of this amount $1,100,000 was laid out in the purchase of the Sandringham estate, $300,000 on a house, and $300,000 for improvements to the buildings and property. The balance is added to the Prince's capital, and gives him the respectable income of $575,000 per annum, and it seems to be very hard for him to get on with that.

WHERE HE CAME FROM.—An apprentice sailor-boy fell from the "round top" to the deck, stunned, but little hurt. The captain exclaimed in surprise: "Why, where did you come from?" "From the North of Ireland, yer honor," was the prompt reply, as the poor fellow gathered himself up.

DON'T call "The Two Orphans" a lone pair. It shows your familiarity with sinful poker.

AQUATICS.

DEATH OF JAMES HAMILL.

Thousands will hear with sorrow of the demise, at the early age of 38, of the ex-champion oarsman of America, "Jimmy" Hamill—a man who gained as much celebrity as any sculler whom this country has produced, whose name was familiar on both sides of the Atlantic, and who commanded the friendship and esteem of everyone with whom he was brought in contact. His death, which was caused by congestion of the brain, occurred in Pittsburg, Pa., at four o'clock on the morning of Monday, Jan. 10, he having been sick only since the previous Friday evening. Large-hearted, simple-minded, generous, and always of a bright, cheery disposition, he drew around him hosts of friends wherever, in the course of his extended career as a foremost oarsman of America, he made his appearance, and on the shores of the coaly Tyne, beyond the sea, his death will be by very many as sincerely mourned as it is by his own countrymen every where. The last rites were performed over the remains of the fallen champion on the 12th inst., an impressive funeral service being held at the Roman Catholic Cathedral, which was thronged with the friends of the deceased. The body was interred in St. Mary's Cemetery, the following acting as pallbearers: Evan Morris, William Scharff, William Jackson, David Carll, James Scott, and Daniel Pender. Underneath we present a sketch of his life:

THE DEAD CHAMPION'S CAREER.

James Hamill, the second undoubted champion sculler of America, was born in Pittsburg, Pa., in October, 1838, stood 5ft. 6in. in height, and his average rowing weight was 154lb. From early youth he evinced a taste for boat-pulling, and, when learning the "art and mystery" of glass-blowing, he had frequent opportunities of indulging in his favorite pursuit. Many of his shopmates were fond of aquatic sports, and, the latter seeing his aptitude in the same direction, it was not long before he was entrusted with a seat in a boat, to take part in a friendly four-oared contest for a small stake. In 1858 he was duly installed as coxswain of the Nonpareil—manned by a mixed crew of young "fellers," of which his brother John (now Chief-engineer of the Pittsburg Fire Department) was the stroke oar—matched against the Peytonia, manned wholly by shopmates of Hamill's, and he scored a victory in his maiden encounter. In the same year John and himself were matched to row a double-scull race against Thomas Sloan and John Esplin, for $50 a side. The Hamills won by a minute and a half. Jimmy's next appearance was in 1856, at a regatta in the Allegheny River, where he took part in a four-oared race in a new boat called the Woodward, the crew consisting of himself, James Barclay, John Hamill, and George Deary. They rowed against the William H. Darling and the Isaac Gullet, the prize being a silver cup, won by the Hamill crew easily. The William Jackson crew, not having been able from some causes to take part in this contest, challenged the winners for $100 a side, to row at Pittsburg, which challenge was duly accepted by Hamill and party; but on the day of the race they were defeated, owing in a great measure to their having carried a coxswain, which their opponents did not. Shorly after this (during the same year), Hamill took part in another four-oared race, in the Peerless, manned by himself, Henry Tatnell, George Deary, and John Hamill, against the Petrel crew, for $50 a side. The race came off over the three-mile course at Pittsburg, and resulted in the easy victory of the Peerless.

In the latter part of 1856 he and his brother John rowed the Dick Risdon against the Horses, manned by Bob Jackson and Fred Wolfe, for $25 a side. Hamill's boat was 125lb weight, whilst Jackson's only weighed 100lb; to add still further to the disparity between the competing craft, the Hamills had a coxswain exactly the same weight as their boat, whilst Jackson and Wolfe dispensed altogether with the services of a steersman. On the day of the race, notwithstanding this very wide difference in the boats, they rowed almost side by side for the first half mile, when the Hornet fouled the Fulton, and the latter was awarded the prize. In 1857 the Hamill brothers extended at the Allegheny County Association Regatta, in the Spring of the year, against Wolfe and Campbell, for a prize of $50, which was won by the Hamills by about a couple of lengths. At this Wolfe and his partner felt rather "riled," and challenged Hamill to row another race in three weeks from that time, for $50 a side. On the day of the race Hamill made there was a strong wind blowing, which had a telling effect on Hamill's boat, the consequence being that Wolfe and Campbell beat them easily.

Hamill's first single-scull race was for $50 a side. Jimmy's boat was a pair-oar altered to a single-scull, and weighed 95lb, while Fred's boat weighed but 45lb. Hamill won the three miles easily in 26:30. This was in the latter part of '58. Hamill also beat Wolfe on Aug. 4, and again on Aug. 20, 1868. Bill Jackson challenged Hamill in '60, but was defeated after a hard struggle. All the above were three-mile races. In the Summer of 1861 he rowed Wilson Campbell a three-mile race for $50 a side; Hamill won by about six lengths. Campbell, not being contented with his defeat, challenged Hamill to another race, to be rowed with standing his defeats, he received a warm welcome at the hands of his sympathetic townsmen—he laid aside the sculls and resumed work at his trade.

During Hamill's stay in England a new light had appeared in the aquatic horizon here—Walter Brown, whose success over Josh Ward in a three-mile match in Portland harbor had elated him, so that he looked askance at the title of champion. During the Winter of 1866-7 he challenged Hamill, and on Feb. 17, 1867, articles were signed to row five miles, for $1,000 a side, at Pittsburg, Brown receiving $300 for expenses. The match was decided May 21, 1867, over the lower course, and terminated in a very unsatisfactory manner, Brown jockeying Jimmy in a manner to greatly interfere with him, both principals claiming a foul, and the referee deciding in favor of Brown. A few days subsequent to this affair Hamill, anxious for a chance to prove that his claim as to the injustice of this decision was well-founded, issued a challenge to Brown to row on the Schuylkill, at Philadelphia. No response being received, after the lapse of an unreasonably long time, Jimmy published another defi, proposing a three and a five miler on either the Schuylkill, Harlem or Charles River. No reply came from Brown until July, when Walter signified his willingness to row on the Hudson, and on Aug. 12 they signed their names to articles, agreeing to row at Newburg for $2,000 a side, on Sept. 6, same year. This race, which was unavoidably postponed until the 9th, was about as unsatisfactory as the first, Brown running into Hamill at the turning stake, the force of the shock almost cutting the latter's shell in twain, and of course preventing his competent from continuing the contest, had it been necessary. Stephen Roberts, the referee, after listening to evidence given on both sides, decided that the stakes rightfully belonged to Hamill.

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This race wound up James Hamill's career as an oarsman—a career which had gained for him much merited distinction in both hemispheres, and was characterized by but few reverses. The style of oarsmanship introduced by him—a very short, quick stroke, pulled almost wholly by the arms—while well adapted to a man of his build, and gifted with his immense strength and extraordinary enduring power, was radically wrong, and a time worked great injury to American oarsmanship, from the fact that his early successes made the innovation popular, and it was adopted by crews and scullers everywhere. A little practical experience convinced the most enthusiastic advocates of the system that, while Hamill could make a big boat travel at an astonishing rate of speed for full five miles by means of this high-pressure work, few men could pull it for more than a few hundred yards, and consequently it gradually lost favor until its death-knell was sounded by Jimmy's disastrous defeats in England at the hands of Kelley and his long, perfect, and graceful stroke. Hamill now became joint proprietor with Billy Haley, a local boxing celebrity, of "The Constitution" saloon, on Market alley, Pittsburg, formerly presided over by Alex. Murray, a staunch friend and backer of the ex-champion, and while under their control this cosy house continued to be a favorite resort for the sporting fraternity and sporting men generally. This sort of business was too confining for Hamill, however, and, after giving it a fair trial, he drew out, and shortly afterwards became connected with the Fire Department, to which his brother John had long been prominently identified. He was appointed Engineer of the Duquesne Engine, close by his residence, the members of which stood by him throughout his career. Though not taking an active part in any race, he has of late years been connected with several rowing events in the capacity of trainer and adviser. In 1873 he had charge of the victorious Yale Freshmen, and in the same year prepared Billy Scharff for his race with Coulter, which didn't come off, while in 1875 he looked after the interests of the latter in his race with Eph. Morris. His cheerful disposition and rollicking good humor, which made him a favorite with everybody, were combined with his great knowledge and experience in such matters, rendered his services in such capacity very valuable, and consequently much sought after, though the rapidity with which he accumulated flesh after finally laying aside the sculls prevented him taking much rowing or pedalistic exercise in company.

BASEBALL.

THE CENTENNIAL RULES.
EIGHTH ARTICLE.
The Championship Code.

The regular organized stock-company clubs which are now prepared to enter upon the baseball campaign of 1876 are the Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, and Cincinnati Clubs of the West, and the Hartford, New Haven, Mutual and Athletic Clubs of the East. These, with the Philadelphia Club, will make ten organizations, which will no doubt be represented in the convention of the Professional Association, to be held in New Haven in March next, and are ready to submit the following code for the future, at the biennial emblem of the professional championship for 1876. Taking this number as the basis for our calculations, it will be found that the ten clubs, each having to play ten games with every other club, would have to get through with four hundred and fifty games during the season, April to November.

The first question to be considered in framing the championship code is the total number of games to be played, and the number necessary to constitute a legal quota of the whole. There can be very little doubt that too many championship contests were played last season, the games in less than thirty-five of the fifth race which Hamill had rowed Ward, in four of which he was the winner. In 1866 he won the scullers' prize at the Boston regatta, beating Gaff Gaffney, amongst whom was John Radford of Nottingham, England, the first and only man Hamill had ever seen (up to that time) who used the cross-handed style of rowing. In the September of the same year Hamill and a few friends got up a regatta at Pittsburg. For obvious reasons he did not himself contend in the skiff race; but in the four-oared contest he rowed with William Jackson, John Hamill and Fred Wolfe, in a boat called the Friendship, against the New York City crew—Bernard Biglin, John Blue, J. J. Callahan and John Biglin—he rowed in the New York boat, for a purse of $700, which the Friendship won easily. Time, 32m. 26sec.

No one else coming forward to contest with him, our hero determined to make a bold effort to reach the goal of his ambition—the honor of being styled "Champion Sculler of the World"—and early in the Spring of 1866 he sent forth, through the columns of THE CLIPPER, a challenge to Harry Kelley, who, on Aug. 8 of the previous year, had become, for the second time, champion of the Thames and of England, by defeating Bob Chambers in their return match. An answer was promptly forthcoming, and, as Kelley was willing to meet the American, the negotiations came to a satisfactory ending without much delay. Hamill leaving this port April 21, in company with his brother John and James Laughlin, who acted as his trainers, and THE CLIPPER representative. The match was made at the office of *The Sporting Life*, London, May 12, and the terms, each of which was for £250 a side, in gold, took place on the Tyne River July 4, 5, the first being over a course of 4 miles 778 yards, straightaway, and the other two and one-half miles to a stakeboat and return. High hopes had been entertained by the American's friends, and they were astounded to hear that he had been disposed of very handily in both races, though the time made was much slower than Hamill was ordinarily capable of making, and than he was said to have subsequently made in practice. The poor display made by him was, we have always thought, due, in a great measure, to overraining, though some who had sustained pecuniary losses, or were serious of him because of his success on home waters, endeavored to create an impression that he had not exerted himself to the utmost to win—an insinuation which no one who was personally acquainted with the man could attach the slightest weight to, for he was a man totally free from trickery throughout his public career. He returned to the States July 24, and, proceeding to Philadelphia, accepted, notwithstanding his defeats, a warm welcome at the hands of his sympathetic townsmen—he laid aside the sculls and resumed work at his trade.

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EIGHTH ARTICLE.
The Championship Code.

The regular organized stock-company clubs which are now prepared to enter upon the baseball campaign of 1876 are the Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, and Cincinnati Clubs of the West, and the Hartford, New Haven, Mutual and Athletic Clubs of the East. These, with the Philadelphia Club, will make ten organizations, which will no doubt be represented in the convention of the Professional Association, to be held in New Haven in March next, and are ready to submit the following code for the future, at the biennial emblem of the professional championship for 1876. Taking this number as the basis for our calculations, it will be found that the ten clubs, each having to play ten games with every other club, would have to get through with four hundred and fifty games during the season, April to November. The first question to be considered in framing the championship code is the total number of games to be played, and the number necessary to constitute a legal quota of the whole. There can be very little doubt that too many championship contests were played last season, the games in less than thirty-five of the fifth race which Hamill had rowed Ward, in four of which he was the winner. In 1866 he won the scullers' prize at the Boston regatta, beating Gaff Gaffney, amongst whom was John Radford of Nottingham, England, the first and only man Hamill had ever seen (up to that time) who used the cross-handed style of rowing. In the September of the same year Hamill and a few friends got up a regatta at Pittsburg. For obvious reasons he did not himself contend in the skiff race; but in the four-oared contest he rowed with William Jackson, John Hamill and Fred Wolfe, in a boat called the Friendship, against the New York City crew—Bernard Biglin, John Blue, J. J. Callahan and John Biglin—he rowed in the New York boat, for a purse of $700, which the Friendship won easily. Time, 32m. 26sec.

No one else coming forward to contest with him, our hero determined to make a bold effort to reach the goal of his ambition—the honor of being styled "Champion Sculler of the World"—and early in the Spring of 1866 he sent forth, through the columns of THE CLIPPER, a challenge to Harry Kelley, who, on Aug. 8 of the previous year, had become, for the second time, champion of the Thames and of England, by defeating Bob Chambers in their return match. An answer was promptly forthcoming, and, as Kelley was willing to meet the American, the negotiations came to a satisfactory ending without much delay. Hamill leaving this port April 21, in company with his brother John and James Laughlin, who acted as his trainers, and THE CLIPPER representative. The match was made at the office of *The Sporting Life*, London, May 12, and the terms, each of which was for £250 a side, in gold, took place on the Tyne River July 4, 5, the first being over a course of 4 miles 778 yards, straightaway, and the other two and one-half miles to a stakeboat and return. High hopes had been entertained by the American's friends, and they were astounded to hear that he had been disposed of very handily in both races, though the time made was much slower than Hamill was ordinarily capable of making, and than he was said to have subsequently made in practice. The poor display made by him was, we have always thought, due, in a great measure, to overraining, though some who had sustained pecuniary losses, or were serious of him because of his success on home waters, endeavored to create an impression that he had not exerted himself to the utmost to win—an insinuation which no one who was personally acquainted with the man could attach the slightest weight to, for he was a man totally free from trickery throughout his public career. He returned to the States July 24, and, proceeding to Philadelphia, accepted, notwithstanding his defeats, a warm welcome at the hands of his sympathetic townsmen—he laid aside the sculls and resumed work at his trade.

During Hamill's stay in England a new light had appeared in the aquatic horizon here—Walter Brown, whose success over Josh Ward in a three-mile match in Portland harbor had elated him, so that he looked askance at the title of champion. During the Winter of 1866-7 he challenged Hamill, and on Feb. 17, 1867, articles were signed to row five miles, for $1,000 a side, at Pittsburg, Brown receiving $300 for expenses. The match was decided May 21, 1867, over the lower course, and terminated in a very unsatisfactory manner, Brown jockeying Jimmy in a manner to greatly interfere with him, both principals claiming a foul, and the referee deciding in favor of Brown. A few days subsequent to this affair Hamill, anxious for a chance to prove that his claim as to the injustice of this decision was well-founded, issued a challenge to Brown to row on the Schuylkill, at Philadelphia. No response being received, after the lapse of an unreasonably long time, Jimmy published another defi, proposing a three and a five miler on either the Schuylkill, Harlem or Charles River. No reply came from Brown until July, when Walter signified his willingness to row on the Hudson, and on Aug. 12 they signed their names to articles, agreeing to row at Newburg for $2,000 a side, on Sept. 6, same year. This race, which was unavoidably postponed until the 9th, was about as unsatisfactory as the first, Brown running into Hamill at the turning stake, the force of the shock almost cutting the latter's shell in twain, and of course preventing his competent from continuing the contest, had it been necessary. Stephen Roberts, the referee, after listening to evidence given on both sides, decided that the stakes rightfully belonged to Hamill.

In the month of August previous, Henry Coulter, who like wise had formerly been on the rivers which flow past the Smoky City, and who was looked upon as a sculler of much promise, achieved a decisive victory over Bill Jackson, in a five-mile match for $1,000, and his friends thought well enough of him to back him up in a challenge to the little champion, to pull that distance for $2,000 a side. John Mckee of Cold Spring, N. Y., had, about the same time, thrown the gauntlet to Jimmy, proposing a race upon the same conditions. Hamill responded to the effect that the season was then too far advanced for him to make a match to row before the Spring of 1868, when he would accommodate either or both if they desired. Mckee then challenged to row any body, and the offer was at once closed with by Coulter, the match being for $1,000 a side. It was decided over the upper five-mile course, Pittsburg, Oct. 30, 1867, Coulter winning easily in the slow time of 41:30. This triumph sent Harry's stock up high, and, resolving to be first in the field in the race for the championship, as early as the succeeding February he came out in THE CLIPPER with a challenge to Hamill for a five-mile race, for $1,000 or $2,000 a side, within one hundred miles of Pittsburg. Several weeks elapsing without a reply, Coulter issued a second defi, accompanied by a $100 deposit. The champion replied, saying that, after his unsatisfactory contest with Brown, he had firmly resolved never again to row in the vicinity of his home, but he would row for $2,000 a side at Springfield, Mass., or elsewhere in the East. After some correspond

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that by a recent change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Jan. 17

LADIES' LIST.

Aborn, "Dot"
Aiden, Mr. D. A.
Alma, Felia
Brandt Sisters
Blake, Annie
Burroughs, Mrs. J. W.
Bidwell, Dollie
Backus, Mary
Booth, Josie
Brose, Neemie
Bradley, Leanora
Bender, Mrs. Anna
Barnes, Mrs. Agnes
Brennan, Mrs. R. A.
Beverly, Mrs. Maude
Blossom, Mrs. "Nat"
Brennan, Mrs. Emma
Bateman, Alice
Clare, Kate
Crayton, Gussie
Campbell, Ida
Clare, Annie
Conand, Leona
Cavanagh, Mrs.
Costello, Mrs. Eva
Capers, Mrs Bertie
Cushman, Cora
Conklin, Mad. (gymnast) (3)
Cope, Annie
Dearden, Fannie
D'Ormer, Mad.
Doris, Mrs. J. B.
Darling, Bessie
D'Erina, Kate (of Healy's Co.)
Davis, Lizzie (vocalist)
Drayton, Alice
De Brest, Amy
Eldridge, Lillie
Everham, Annie
Foy, Ida (of Foy Sisters)
Fiske, May
Fiske, Marion
Fiske, Mrs. Richmond
Henri, Flora
Hollensby, Ida
Hodges, Mrs. J. A.
Hopkins, Helen
Hawthorne, Hattie
Hughes, Minnie (of Dallas, Texas)
Howes, Mrs. Frank (song-and-dance)
Howard, Mrs. Maude
Hastings, Lizzie (vocalist)
Irwin, Mrs. Selden
Eugene, Miss
Johnston, Emma
Jeannette, Mlle. (equestrienne)
King Sisters
Lynn, Lora
Lucille, Fannie
Carton, Minnie
Lee, Rosa
Lindsey, Jennie
Linden, Lillie
"Lotta"
Leslie, Jennie
McAllister, Phoss
Markley, Edna
May, Georgie
McKean, Gabriella
Morris, Clara
Merrett, Pauline (2)
Mortimer, Lu-lu
Morris, or Blanche Desmond, Ida
McArdle, Mrs. M.E.
Nelson, Annie (2)
Palmer, Minnie
Proctor, Agnes
Peterson, Louise
Parento, "Dot"
Peak, Fannie
Richmond, Josie
Richmond, Lu-lu
Rainford, Alice (3)
Rav-l, Mrs. S. W. (2)
Rogers, Hattie
Raymond, Ida (of N. Putnam Co.)
Robinson, Mrs. Jennie
Stone, Emma
Saurel, Madame
Swinburne, Marie (3)
St. Felix, Clementina &c.
Stickney, Virginia
Salvane, Mrs. E. M.
Sarony, Nellie
Turner, Kittie
Taylor, Mrs. E. C.
Uebroth, Mrs. Sarah
Vincent, Mrs. Felix A.
Weston, Jennie or Flora
Wade, Mrs. Lottie R. Sc.
Wade, Jennie (vocalist)
Washburn, Libbie
Wesley, May
Western, Lucille
Vernon, Ida M. (2)
Zoerner, Anna (3)
10c.
Zoula, —

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Austin, C. (with Coleman Sisters)
Ahearn, Jno. E. (song-and-dance)
"A. D. Clarionet"
Abbey, H. E.
Anderson, Prof
John H. 6c.
Adams, Edwin
Arnold, W. H.
Aiken, Frank E.
Allen, D. R. 5c.
Ahearn, T. Chip
Andrews, Wm.
Ahrendt, Carl
Aimonte, Geo
Aymar, Jed. & Ed
Aldabo, Eusebio
Andrews, W. (with Mr. Cline)
Bristol, Chas.
Biddle, L. L.
Buckley, "Tony"
Barnum, P. T.
Baldwin, J. G.
Bisbee, Frank
Brown, "Doc"
Bradley, Leander
Bender, Mrs. Anna
Barnes, Mrs. Agnes
Brennan, Mrs. R. A.
Beverly, Mrs. Maude
Blossom, Mr. "Nat"
Brennan, Mrs. Emma
Bateman, Alice
Clare, Kate
Crayton, Gussie
Campbell, Ida
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Dearden, Fannie
D'Ormer, Mad.
Doris, Mrs. J. B.
Darling, Bessie
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John H. 6c.
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Arnold, W. H.
Aiken, Frank E.
Allen, D. R. 5c.
Ahearn, T. Chip
Andrews, Wm.
Ahrendt, Carl
Aimonte, Geo
Aymar, Jed. & Ed
Aldabo, Eusebio
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Darling, Bessie
D'Erina, Kate (of Healy's Co.)
Davis, Lizzie (vocalist)
Drayton, Alice

Neil Bryant; Mr. Young, of Young's Varieties; Harry Gardner, actor; Addie Blodgett, vocalist; J. P. McCabe; and Mr. Levy, cornetist, are notified of letters awaiting them at the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Jan. 17, '76.

There is but little that is fresh in the line of amusements to record. The theatres are running their standard plays to average good business, while the variety houses, as the name implies, are giving unusually diversified entertainments of a character well calculated to enlist popular attention and patronage. One or two places of this kind have not done so well as had been anticipated at the commencement of the season, and economic principles now govern the management. As a whole, however, as may be seen by a perusal of the reports in another column, the variety theatres are doing a fair share of business, and this, too, at a time when the uncertainty of our finances and the ill-timed discussions in Congress are calculated to create an unsettled and a gloomy feeling in the public mind.....The retirement of Oakey Hall has given him an opportunity to display their knowledge of the ins and outs of theatrical life, and to start a controversy which cannot but be injurious to the subject of the dispute, as well as to cast odium upon New York management generally, which, certainly, is undeserved. The great popularity of Mr. Hall seemed to make assurance doubly sure that his theatrical venture would prove to be an immense pecuniary success. Neither he nor his managers apprehended failure in any sense; the debutant, having succeeded so well in his own profession, looked for like favorable results in his new line; but he had lost sight of the fact that, when the novelty of a first appearance had worn off, he would then be tried on his merits in the crucible of public opinion. Unfortunately, he was not very ably supported; the beginner was made the central figure, around which the older and experienced lights revolved without the brilliancy necessary to give light and encouragement to the gentleman who was just commencing to mount the first rounds of the dramatic ladder. Instead of receiving good support, he it was who gave support, or tried to give support, to those around him. The task was too much for him, and he wisely stepped down and out before dire calamity overtook him in his climbing aspirations. We shall probably see and hear much of him anon.....D. Bouckault appears to have met with reverses in his English engagements, notwithstanding the earliest telegraphic notices of his movements abroad led the unthinking to believe that he was carrying all before him. Here we gave him a good send-off; we attended his performances in goodly numbers, and we gave him of our means in order that he might appear to the best advantage in the mother country. But with all the liberal gratuitous advertising he received, with the aid and assistance of Brother Jonathan, and the good wishes of the profession—[Well, Jimmy, it won't do to say right out that he is *not* in favor with the profession here, or that his fellow-actors do not imbibe his wine when it is offered to them for their stomachs' sake—perhaps it were better to let the sentence stand unfinished, rather than fly to ills we know not of.] With all these advantages, we repeat, the author-actor failed to come up smiling on Albion's rock-bound shores, and will probably ere long cast aside the dust of dirty England, and return to this land of Freedom, where the wearied soul finds rest and peace, and ducats..... And talking about soulless people, we notice that some managers throughout this blessed vale of tears proclaim themselves sole proprietors of the tabernacles over which they preside. The ignorant Jimmy desires to know whether being *soul* proprietors also gives them control of the *bodies* of their employes. Dear boy, soul and body are distinct existences, and in some instances the poor player does not get sufficient financial pabulum to keep body and soul together. But such cases are very rare, the *entente cordiale* between managers and people being in most instances complete and satisfactory. We once knew a manager—Don't tell that again—the valuable reader knows it by heart." "Why, Jimmy, how do you know what we were about to say?" "It's about a manager who met a perishing child by the roadside; how he took her to his home, warmed, fed, and clothed her; and how....." "That's enough, Jimmy, but we were not aware that we had told it before."..... We are deluged with poems on Love, and some of these tender "letter-missives," more tender than the letter-missive which Mrs. Moulton and Brother Shearman have had such a fruitless time in their effort to give shape and substance to, come to us laden with the fragrance and balm of a thousand flowers, with the scent of the hawthorn mingled with various extracts of artificial contrivance. Upon some of the more touching of these scented testimonials to departed worth and alabaster charms, we sleep the sweet sleep of innocence, and dream the happy hours away in one perennial scene of bliss. From among several just sent in for publication in THE CLIPPER, we select the following tribute from some constant admirer of

DICKEY LINGARD.

Fast in the bonds of hopeless love
Enchained, fair girl, I daily moan;
And life would be perfumed to me
If I had *thee oh, "Dick" alone!*

The effort is probably the work of some druggist or manufacturer of *eau de Cologne*, judging by his trade-mark in the closing line of the beautiful stanza..... There is rebellion in the camp of one of our variety managers. He essayed to let out a performer to three different houses on the same night, but the actor rebelled, declaring that, like President Grant, he would not accept a "third term," except under certain circumstances. Those certain circumstances not being forthcoming, he refused to connect, and he now prefers to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours rather than be a manager's slave..... There is no truth that a certain artistic, or rather m-del-artistic manager tried to engage a well-known singer because he could present so many *new ditties* to the audience. [If the reader is not possessed of the incipient stages of emotional insanity he will readily perceive that *nudities* is the double intended.].....It is worthy of observation that the Infants Ball at the Academy of Music, on Jan. 16th, was remarkable for the *absence* of infants, though parents were there in large numbers, while the maternal fount could be seen in every direction, as if the possessors of the same were in search of missing offspring..... A city manager who has always asserted that he would "see the poor-house yet," has seen a *good many "poor houses"* lately..... Shakespeare triumphs at last, and "Julius Cæsar" rules the roost at Booth's Theatre. The following touching and well-merited tribute to the "immortal bard" we find at the close of the house-bill of the theatre: "For grandeur and beauty the scenery of this tragedy is incomparably the finest ever produced in any stage-offering, either in this country or abroad."..... We are to have Italian Opera at the Academy of Music next week. Certain of the Italians fancy the Union-square Theatre most, because they can there always hear the latest *news from Parma!*..... In this city, on the anniversary of George's birthday, there is to be a Centennial Tea party, under the auspices of five hundred ladies. That a wrong impression may obtain concerning these ladies, we hasten to state that not a single one of them has yet reached her hundredth year. But as for gossip! Well, if you want to hear what's going on, attend the tea-party, and we guarantee you'll not be disappointed..... What a sad commentary upon the dilapidated condition of the times! I recently left a theatre, and informed the manager that her reason for so doing was that *his company wasn't agreeable to her!* And yet the poor man declares that he never spent a moment in her society..... Isn't it a little curious that *A. Horn* should be chosen to show us "*Drumming* as a Fine Art"? Although the two *are* banded together sometimes. But such is one of the announcements for Sabbath evening next..... The other man, who "*carried his audience with him*," played out West. [Yes, James; he *was played out*, West.] There were only four people in the house, and he invited 'em out to drink, which evinced great versatility of talent!..... One of the successes of the present season is that achieved by Harrigan and Hart in their provincial tour. Wherever they have appeared large audiences have gathered to enjoy the entertainment presented by this happy couple, for the fame of "The Mulligan Guards" had preceded them; and this, backed up by "The Skidmores" and "Mrs. McCahey's Twins," and a host of other novelties, has made them prime favorites everywhere; and, as an agent for their many productions, they find a desirable *Mart in* Hanley. [*Postscript.*—Martin Hanley is their live, go-ahead agent.].....And talking about our New York people reminds us of something funny, which, as in duty bound, we hasten to lay before our readers. A manager recently advertised for two ladies to "*go out*" *with* "Our Boys," and received a hundred answers from girls accustomed to so doing! And yet English girls come over here under the impression that there is a dearth in the market.....At the Park Theatre they have just brought out a piece appropriately adapted to recent events at that house, called "A Pretty Piece of Business." Likewise, equally appropriate, "My Turn Next," in which piece some other aspirant will make his first appearance at that theatre..... Herewith, "by request," we give publicity to a few well-chosen rhymes by "An Occasional Contributor." In justice to our readers we would kindly suggest that the "Occasional Contributor" never contributed to our columns before. And we say this more in sorrow than in anger. Here is his poem on

THE CIRCUS.

I want to be a tumbler,
And with the tumblers stand,
A-leaping over elephants,
And turning head over hand;
I want to join the famous show,
And jump from town to town—
O, there's no sanchin life that's half so sweet
As traveling with a clown.

I want to be a rider,
And with the riders ride,
A-doing of a double act,
With the pro'session's pride;
I want to join the street parade,
And view the gaping throng;
O, give me one the gaudy tights—
I'll not detain you long.

Notwithstanding the allegation of "An Occasional Contributor" that he'll not detain you long, we beg to assure the indulgent reader that the entire poem includes only the above stanzas, in honor of the Centennial, and that the various wants of the writer permeate the contribution in every part, and exhibit a want of judgment and lack of courtesy to our readers which we shall not encourage. We therefore "decline with thanks" the remainder of this artistic composition, for which our readers will no doubt feel under lasting obligations to us..... No, James; hard times, or good times, Madame Ponisi can't be got *"pon easy* terms!.....It is with symptoms of pleasure that we are permitted to announce that at the Bowery Theatre, this evening, the famous Fleon Blondsoe will arise from his ashes, in "The Phœnix." Somehow this don't read very funny. When we conceived this innocent little bit of pleasantry, it seemed all right, and well calculated to create peal on peal of laughter. We cannot make it out..... It is to be hoped that Titiens and her operatic company will be over, before Mooly and Bailey get here, because the latter wields a powerful organ, and by his judicious control of the same holds in thrill the enraptured listener..... And this reminds us that a man enraptured by Von Bulow's playing compares himself to a passenger going to Newport by water. "How so?" "Why, on the unmusical reader. Because he's "*carried away by Bul-ow!*"..... Sadie and now Tony Pastor inaugurates "A Tornado in the Amusement World." Next, some opposition manager may try "An Earthquake," and so we'll be kept in constant worrimeut. Some years ago there was a man —— Don't want any more? All right. Let the man rest.

CITY SUMMARY.

OBSEQUIES OF EDWARD EDDY.—The remains of this celebrated actor arrived in this city on the morning of Jan. 11, from Kingston, Jamaica, in the steamship Henry Chauncey (the one in which he left the city but a few weeks ago), and were brought on shore the following day. We learn that on Dec. 14 he was taken severely ill with fever, but speedily recovered from it, and on the morning of the 16th, while in bed, he awoke, exclaiming: "My God, what is the matter with me?" and in a few moments was a corpse. A post mortem examination revealed the fact that he died of a disease of the heart, instead of apoplexy, as was at first stated. There was a Masonic funeral in Kingston on Dec. 17. On Sunday, Jan. 16, his remains were conveyed to the Masonic Temple, in this city, where, at 2 o'clock, in the Grand Lodge-room, the funeral ceremonies peculiar to the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry of the Thirty-third Degree were performed in the presence of his surviving relatives and a number of persons who filled the room in every part, while hundreds who had come to pay their last tribute of respect were unable to obtain admission. The coffin, which was ornamented with Masonic emblems and profusely covered with flowers, bore a plate upon which was engraved: "Edward Eddy, born June 18, 1804. Died December 16, 1875." At the door of the Temple the remains were delivered to the friends of the late actor, who took them to Wilton, Westchester County, and they were placed in a private vault beside those of his wife, who died in New Orleans, La., Dec. 28, 1864. The deceased was a member of the New York Lodge F. and A. M. of Templar Lodge of Perfection, of Particular Council of the Princes of Jerusalem, of the Templar Chapter of the Rose Croix, and of the Aurora Grata Consistory.

A GOOD AVERAGE BUSINESS was done by the San Francisco Minstrels during the expired week. The freshest portions of the programme included "Take this Letter to My Mother," sung by W. Raymond; "There's a Letter in the Candle," by D. S. Wambold; "The Menagerie," with a few comical descriptive remarks upon the animals, by Billy Birch; "Who Will Buy My Pretty Flowers?" by Carl Rudolph; "Living Pictures," by Charles Backus, during which he gave some capital imitations of Oakey Hall, Lawrence Barrett and other actors, and the sketches of "Rome" and "Spectres, or the Ring Demons." This evening, Jan. 17, and thereafter the first-part will be given in a new parlor-scene, painted expressly therefor by a well-known artist, and the stage will be set with new and elegant parlor-furniture and a beautiful chandelier.

A LARGE ATTENDANCE was attracted to the Fifth-avenue Theatre every night during the past week by the new and successful play of "Pique," which, having had the advantage of several repetitions, is now acted quite smoothly.

STANDING-ROOM has been in demand nightly at Booth's Theatre since our last writing, and the large advance sale of seats for future performances gives indication that "Julius Cæsar" is to enjoy a long and prosperous run. No Shakespearian play ever received a finer mounting in this city, and the acting as a whole leaves little to be desired.

GUS WILLIAMS was presented on Jan. 14 with a pair of gold sleeve buttons, bearing Masonic emblems, by J. Allison, the Australian manager, now in this city.

GUS WILLIAMS, Billy and Maggie Bay, W. Henry Rice, Blanche Odiville, the Brahams, and the Associated Managers' Ballet Troupe are to appear at Tony Pastor's Jan. 17.

THE "BIG FOUR," James Collins and Miss Martha Wren, Joseph A. Gulick and the Norton Brothers reinforced the already powerful company at Tony Pastor's New Theatre on Jan. 10. The "Big Four" elicited shouts of laughter by their eccentricities in their original act entitled "The Lappell Family," and in response to numerous recalls gave other specialties which proved highly amusing. These performers deserve especial commendation for the brevity of their performances. They never tire the audience, and, even at the close of numerous recalls, there is still a desire to see more of them. James Collins and Miss Martha Wren, who are established local favorites, met with an enthusiastic reception, and in their musical sketch of a "Terrible Fix" gave excellent satisfaction. Joseph A. Gulick was quite successful in improvised songs, and he has both a good voice and stage appearance in his favor. The Norton Brothers—Francis and Joseph—gave exhibitions of their skill in juggling, which astonished and delighted the spectators. Most of their feats are difficult, and were deftly accomplished. Miss Eloise Allen continued her sentimental songs. Weslyn and Casey gave their excellent musical performances, and in some of their specialties they surpassed the best of those given the previous week. Tony Pastor sang a very effective medley song, introducing the latest popular airs, and in response to some half a dozen recalls repeated the freshest ditties in his repertory. The Poole Brothers were seen in their agile and acrobatic clog-dances; Jannie Morgan sang ballads so effectively that she elicited many encores; and the sketches of "Scenes in Wood's Gallery," "Jim Crow Alive" and "Barnum's Baby Elephant" introduced Sam Devere, Frank Girard, C. Worley, J. Casey, W. Weslyn and the Misses Jennie Satterlee and Sadie Deshon. Business large.

THE PANTOMIME of "Nimble Nip" was presented in a reconstructed form during the past week at the Olympic Theatre. In the burlesque opening, the children, led by Miss Alice Bennett, continued their military evolutions, and Pat Rooney sang Irish and local songs. An entirely new harlequinade introduced Robert Fraser as Clown, W. B. Cahill as Pantaloon, A. W. Maffin as Harlequin, Addie Farwell as Columbine, Master Martin as a monkey, and John Queen as Hildebrandt Montrose, a swell. The tricks worked effectively, and many of them were novel. Mr. Fraser made an excellent clown, his movements being agile and graceful, and his face mobile and expressive. His pantomime was intelligently expressed, and he kept the audience in an almost constant state of laughter while he was in their presence. A. W. Maffin made a sprightly Harlequin, and Addie Farwell a satisfactory Columbine. Previous to the pantomime a brief variety olio introduced John Hart, G. W. Reed, and Miss Coventry in a sketch called "Mr. and Mrs. Jones," George S. Knight in Dutch songs and witticisms, Lurline and Watson in their sub-aquatic feats, Harper and Stansil in songs-and-dances, and F. M. Hall in banjo solos. A good business was done.

AT THE PARK THEATRE, during the past week, a version of "Everybody's Friend" called "The Widow Hunt," "My Turn Next," and "Fun in a Jury-room" constituted the attractions. John Dillon was, we think, unfortunate in the selection of Major De Boots as a character in which to try the critics of the metropolitan press. Other distinguished comedians have hitherto essayed in this city the performance of this role, and never with thoroughly satisfactory success. Mr. Dillon has enjoyed in the West for many years past a high reputation as a comedian. His conception of the character of De Boots differed somewhat from that of other comedians who have preceded him, and it was lacking in unity of action and definiteness of purpose. At times he seemed to evince a disposition to wander into burlesque, and at others to indulge in actions which, although they excited some laughter, were entirely foreign to the character. Throughout the entire evening he appeared to be laboring under a painful restraint. Possibly nervousness had something to do with this; but beyond that there was perceptible a kind of fear which prevented his appearing thoroughly at ease, and displaying his artistic abilities with that confidence which ever marks the true artist. His acting is hard and unsympathetic, and what might bring his performance up to merit the result of magnetic sympathy, but rather the effect of certain attitudes, combined with the peculiar delivery of his lines, which long practice has told him will raise a laugh. In the role of "My Turn Next," in the character of Twitters, he appeared to infinitely better advantage, and by no means exhausted the *vis comica* of that role. It is as a farce actor, we think, that Mr. Dillon will be seen at his best. The support was somewhat uneven, Cyril Searle not giving complete satisfaction as Featherly. W. J. Ferguson was fair as Icebrook, as was Miss Mary Stuart as Mrs. De Boots. Miss Marie Louise Hodges was pretty as Mrs. Swandown, and displayed care and attention. Miss Maude Granger was charmingly attired as Mrs. Featherly, and her impersonation was pleasingly effective. In the farce Miss Annie Edmondson made quite a feature of the character of Peggy, and elicited considerable laughter. Miss Pearl Eyring and Miss Nina Livingston as Cicely, were seen to good advantage. Charles Parsloe made a comical Tim Bolus, J. W. Brutone was excellently made up for Farmer Wheatear and acted quite satisfactorily; Harry Gwynette read his lines intelligently, but his dressing could have been improved. The new injury-room scene, from "Crucible," slightly altered, was favorably received. The attendance was fair at the opening of the week, but dwindled down to very light at the close. This week "My Turn Next" will be continued, and in addition "A Pretty Piece of Business" and "Jones' Baby" will be acted, with Mr. Dillon in the principal character.

EUGENE BLITZ. Miss Carrie Duncan, and the Ravel-Hernandez Pantomime Troupe were the newcomers at the Globe Theatre on Jan. 10. Mr. Blitz gave Punch-and-Judy performances, and acted one of the principal characters in the opening sketch of "Ground for Divorce," giving in both satisfaction. Miss Duncan is a clever character and dancer, abilities recently, while she was performing at another theatre. The pantomime of "Harlequin Hunchback" introduced August Lehman as Clown, Arthur Hernandez as Pantaloon, Young America as Harlequin, and Miss Hadam as Columbine, and in the opening nearly the entire stock-company of the theatre appeared. The tricks, which were good, worked well, and the entire entertainment was pleasing and deserving of commendation. The other acts given included songs of the day by Miss Julia Wilson, a jig-dance by Mr. Griffin, a comic dance by Young America and August Lehman, vocalisms by Miss Lillie Hall, ventriloquial conversation by Charles Young, comic songs by Harry Montague, and the musical sketch of "Susie's Serenade" by Charles Lord and John Hogan, each assuming two characters. Alice M. Kemp and Charles Bendict, not otherwise mentioned, were seen in the opening to the pantomime. The attendance has been fair.

AT THE THIRD-AVENUE THEATRE the reinforcements the past week included R. M. Carroll and his three sons, Allie Drayton, Nellie Vincent and J. H. Ryan, and Conroy and Daly. The attendance was large. The graceful ballroom of the Carrolls in their specialties is patent to our readers, and here they met with high favor. Allie Drayton is a clever song-and-dance performer, and dresses with much taste. Nellie Vincent and J. H. Ryan sang Irish songs at intervals during the exhibition of a diorama of Ireland, America and Erin; and, from first to last picture, a very fine exhibited, an opportunity was given Conroy and Daly to perform their specialties, which met with success. Miss Ida Foy acted Nan in "The Good-for-nothing," supported by C. F. Seabert, Harry Leslie, John Goodman, R. W. Canning, and Miss Dice. Miss Nelson sang serio-comic songs, George Warren played banjo solos, Tom Granger gave acrobatic songs-and-dances, John Goodman gave his specialties, and the Foy Sisters were seen in one of their musical sketches.

GEORGE WESTON, the business and stage manager of the Third-avenue Theatre, is to be tendered, on three afternoons and evening of Thursday, Jan. 27.

AT THE PARISIAN VARIETIES Frank A. Gibbons, a clever trapeze performer, was the only fresh appearance on Jan. 10. The programme included songs by Ella Arlington, songs-and-dances and a triple clog dance by the Arnold Brothers, Miss Rose Keene and Will Williams, who were arrested at the close of "No." Blandowski's ballet troupe in "The Bird Cage," Ben Dodge in improvised songs, Myles Morris and Miss F. Wentworth in a sketch called "The Guide's Return," songs-and-dances by Louisa Kent, tableaux vivan's by the ballet-corps, and the sketches of "Fun on the Farm" and "The Naughty Duchess," with George Atkins in the cast.

JULE KEEN and Miss Sallie Adams were the star attractions at Wood's Museum during the past week. They acted in "The Cut Glove," and on Friday evening and during the remainder of the week the burlesque of "The Forty Thieves," with Miss Belle Howitt in a principal character, was added to the programme. "Jack the Giant-killer," performed by Miss Howitt and the stock company, was given at the matinees. Business fair.

"ROSE MICHEL" is enjoying a prosperous run at the Union-square Theatre, and the auditorium has been comfortably filled nightly. The elaborate scenery is quite as much of an attraction as the play itself, and the two combined make a strong card.

LILLIE WILKINSON was the special feature at the Bowery Theatre the past week, acting in "Little Sunshine," which was preceded by "Dodging for a Wife" on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, and by "Kathleen Mavourneen," with Miss Wilkinson as Kathleen O'Connor, the rest of the parts in the latter piece being familiar to the merits of both Miss Wilkinson and the plays. She attracted a fair attendance. Milton Nobles is to commence Jan. 17.

THE VICTORELLI BROTHERS, musical clowns and acrobats, and Hughey Haggerty, Dutch comique, were the newcomers at the Tivoli Theatre the past week. "The Erl King" was withdrawn after the performance of Jan. 15.

W. W. NEWCOMB is to have a matinee benefit at the Third-avenue Theatre on Wednesday, Jan. 19.

LAWRENCE BARRETT is to play at the Union-square Theatre during the first six weeks of the season of 1876-7.

H. DUDLEY'S MINSTRELS are to open a season Jan. 31 at the Opera-house formerly occupied by the late Dan Bryant's Minstrels.

J. H. MAPLESON, manager of Her Majesty's Opera, London, Eng., and some members of the Titiens Italian-opera Company, arrived from England in the steamship Java on Jan. 8.

MAGGIE MITCHELL sailed for Europe on Saturday last in the steamship Adriatic. And now the papers are arranging and classifying the various American actors he intends to introduce to the notice of London audiences. It is not, so far as we can understand, Mr. Palmer's intention to take a company to Europe. His present trip has reference, probably, to making arrangements for translation to, and production in, this country of "Sardanapalus" in a style of grandeur to equal if not excel the presentation of "Henry V."

THE UNION LEAGUE must not stultify itself by going back on its colored friends. We have been informed that an application for the use of the Union League Theatre, for one evening, by a colored amateur dramatic association of this city, was refused by the "House Committee" of the League. Let us hope that this information is not correct, for it will not look well for the club to fail to put into practice the principles they advocate.

LEVY the cornet-player and his bride have returned to this city somewhat disgusted with provincial audiences. Their entertainments were failures, notwithstanding they gave "Levy concerts."

AT THE COLUMBIA OPERA-HOUSE the ballet includes the farce of "The Deserter's Lover," and the performances of the following specialty and general artists: Fred Lloyd, comic vocalist, etc.; Mlle. Duvall's Female Minstrel Band; Harry Fielding, Wm. Ince, Frank Steele, John Foster, Willy Wylie, Misses Ada Freeman, Carrie Lewis, Lucille, Clara Coleman, St. Clair, Dora Steele, and the Morris Sisters. There is a matinee announced for Saturday of each week. Managers Woolcott & Co. advertise for specialty and ballet ladies.

GEORGE S. KNIGHT and Henrietta Mollenhaur are to reinforce the Globe Theatre company this week.

O. D. BYRON is to act at Wood's Museum this week at the evening performances, and Belle Howitt will continue at the matinees.

MUSICAL NOTES.—During the week past there has been but the faintest *pianissimo* sound to denote that all interest in musical matters had not been lost, there having been but few events worthy of a record, and among these we may mention as the most satisfactory the third entertainment of the New York Quartet Club, which took place at Chickering Hall on Saturday evening. This organization, embracing the best artists in their line in our city, included Edward Mollenhauer, first violin; Max Schwartz, second violin; Geo. Matzka, viola; and Fred. Bergner, 'cello; who, on the occasion of this last concert, had the assistance of Richard Hoffman, pianist; and E. H. Romeyn, the tenor of St. Ann's Church. The programme included numbers from Schubert, Nardini, Verdi, Hoffman, and Mozart..... The Shepard jubilee singers (colored) gave a concert at Steinway Hall on Sunday evening, the major portion of the bill presented including plantation melodies and songs of a religious character..... The Adelaide Phillipps' Italian-opera Troupe, who have recently returned to this city, as stated, in consequence of the illness of Miss Violetta Colville, the prima-donna, are announced to begin a short season Feb. 7 at the Academy of Music..... The Theatre opera season opens on the 24th inst. at the Academy of Music, with "Norma" as the inaugural bill. Miss Annie Beaumont, recently of the Kellogg troupe, is included in the company, as also Sig. Brignoli and Mme. McCullough-Brignoli..... The German singing societies are making strong preparations for the celebration of the coming Centennial Fourth of July. The most prominent associations are included, and the plan embraces a grand musical concert on July 2, a torchlight procession on the 3d, and a volksfest and general festival on the 4th. The concert is to be under the direction of Dr. Damrosch. Bayard Taylor has written a song for the occasion, and a prize of $500 is offered for the finest musical arrangement to suit the words..... Messrs. Jerome Hopkins, B. Mason, J. C. Cook, F. H. Drown, W. Mildner, Prof. A. Kolling, D. M. Levitt and other well-known musical men met together on Saturday evening for the purpose of organizing a musical society whose object shall be not only social reunion, but also musical criticism. It is proposed that the club shall consist of music teachers, artists, composers and eminent amateurs..... The Berger Family Swiss Bellringing and Concert Troupe appear at the Olympic Theatre this week, affording an opportunity to hear some good music, which is always well rendered by these capital artists..... The usual Wednesday-afternoon organ concert was given at the Church of the Holy Trinity Jan. 12, with S. B. Whitely as organist and Miss Johanna Lehman, contralto, vocalist..... The free organ concerts are still given at Trinity Church on every Thursday afternoon, and are quite popular. The best of music receives an admirable interpretation from Organist Carter, and they cannot fail to prove of profit in enlarging the musical ideas and forming a correct conception of the works of the famed composers.

THE OLD ADAGE that "Truth is stranger than fiction" receives another forcible illustration from the fact that there is now on the stage at Booth's Theatre, in open defiance of the decrees of the powers and various movements of "Julius Cæsar," who, upon the death of his father, will inherit over one million of dollars. Though upon first glance this assertion may seem to savor and smack strongly of "Tookerism," and the statement be classed by the knowing ones along with others somewhat similar that have been promulgated by the press from the fecund brain of the suave and gentle Joseph, it is nevertheless true, and, we are assured, can be substantiated. Last Summer, upon one of the visits of the Plymouth Rock to New Haven, Mr. Henry C. Jarrett of Jarrett & Palmer was approached by one of the most prominent and wealthy citizens of that city, who had noticed that a boy employed in the office, who had become stage-struck, and imagined that he had in himself not only the making of an actor, but sufficient talent, with practice and an opportunity, to place him in the foremost position of the front rank of the profession. Wishing to cure him of the delusion, as speedily as possible, and the son being willing to commence at the lowest round of the ladder, he was anxious to make some arrangement by which the young man could be received as one of the auxiliary aid at Booth's Theatre. The gentleman, who, on account of prudential reasons, shall be nameless, invited Mr. Jarrett to his house, which is one of the most palatial homes in the Elms, and located on one of her most fashionable streets, where an arrangement was soon consummated between them to afford the young 'un every opportunity whereby his "foolish passion" could be cured and dissipated. His father brought him to New York at the beginning of December, the son making his début on the night of the production of "Julius Cæsar," and, as will be seen by a perusal of the bill, he is one of the funnies Irishmen we ever saw on the stage, while everything Tony Hart does is neat and pleasing. A great attraction is the gallant 69th Regiment, whose singing and drill-exercises are rightly received with immense favor. Frank Mayo and company begin a two weeks' season. Miss Lillie has been engaged as leading lady, in place of Blanche De Bar, resigned.....The Opera-house Company play in Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 24, to continue for two weeks, supporting Geo. Rignold. He'll return Jan. 31. J. B. Booth the second week.....The Olympic stock is in Indianapolis, Ind.—will return Jan. 31.

THE MCVICKER'S COMBINATION opened an eight nights' season on Jan. 10 at the Detroit Opera-house, Detroit, Mich., in "Rip Van Winkle." Mr. Rankin has a good reputation here (his home being in Windsor) in this character. Still he was greeted with only a fair house, business continuing about the same so far. He was ably supported by Kitty Blanchard, Mrs. Vincent, Miss Pierce, J. W. Ransone and others..... Barry Sullivan commences 19, instead of 17, as last reported, for four nights, McKee Rankin filling in 17, 18..... A complimentary testimonial benefit has been tendered to and accepted by Manager Davey, to take place 27, the Howard Dramatic Club being the attraction in "The Chimney Corner" and "Ici Flon Parle Français"..... Miss "The Black Fiend" party came 13, for one night only, at Detroit Opera-house, appearing to a fair-sized audience. Edmund Cole and Miss Nannie Harold were two—and the only two—good performers. Miss Harold sings very nicely indeed, and were she to confine herself to the serio-comic line in the variety, she would be a great attraction for any manager. The rest of the cast was very bad. The interior Michigan towns will be the future route..... At the Adelphi Theatre, Jan. 13, a very agreeable entertainment took place in the shape of optical illusion department, the vocal one being simply execrable. Fanny Burnham gave fair recitations. Whence this company came, or where they were going, we were unable to find out. Letter of Jan. 14.

A LETTER received from our Toronto correspondent, and dated Jan. 14, gives the following concerning amusements: C. Rigge, a Toronto boy, a clever comedian, commenced a week's engagement at

OLE ALLERUP, leader of orchestra, musical composer and arranger, can be addressed as per card.

A LIST of the latest comic songs, published by LOUIS C. GOULLAND, including some of the most popular ones now before the public, can be found advertised in his card in this issue.

SINGERS AND SPEAKERS are referred to Dr. Gustave Bidaux's card. Dr. Bidaux states that his French OMNIODOTA remedy is a sure and speedy cure for inflammations of the throat.

VON BULOW and Miss Cronyn are to perform in Troy, N. Y., Jan. 18, Detroit, Mich., 26, 29.

TWO PIANISTS, who advertise that they are graduates of the principal conservatorium in Europe, want engagements.

THE WACHTEL TROUPE gave their concluding performances at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the evenings of Jan. 10, 12, and 14, and at a matinee Jan. 15, the operas respectively represented being "The Postilion of Lonjumeau," "The Huguenots," "Il Trovatore," and "Fidelio." The attendance exhibited a considerable falling-off from that of the preceding week.

BAND AND ORCHESTRA ARRANGEMENTS of the "Skidmore Guards," "Patrick's-day Parade," "Shaughraun Waltzes" and "Gallant 69th" have been published by Wm. A. Pond & Co., who have also issued the comic songs "Too Thin" and "Billiards on the Brain." Their catalogue of band-music can be obtained at their advertised address.

THE HOLMAN OPERA TROUPE has canceled all their Western engagements, and return to Canada.

THE HOLMAN OPERA TROUPE held the boards of the Opera-house, Rochester, N. Y., the past week, presenting "Orfeo-Girofle" Jan. 10, 11, "The Bohemian Girl" 12, "Mme. Angot's Child" 13, "The Grand Duchess" 14, "Cinderella" matinee 15, "Barbe Bleu" 15. The attendance has been large.

BLIND TOM is billed to perform in Richmond, Va., Jan. 21, 22.

THE GERMAN MILITARY BAND concertized in Erie, Pa., Jan. 10, Cleveland, O., 11, 12, Sandusky 13, Toledo 14, 15, 17, thence to Detroit, Mich., 18, 19, 20, Chicago, Ill., 21, to continue two weeks, Milwaukee, Wis., Feb. 5, for one week.

THE TORONTO PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY will give Handel's Messiah at Shaftesbury Hall, that city, Jan. 18.

THE BERGER FAMILY of Swiss Bellringers gave performances at Masonic Temple, Baltimore, during the week opening with the 10th to good business.

THE THEODORE THOMAS ORCHESTRA performed at the Academy of Music, Baltimore, Jan. 10, 12.

BLIND TOM'S CONCERTS at Oddfellows' Hall, Washington, D. C.; during the past week were largely attended.

THE WACHTEL GRAND OPERA COMPANY were billed to perform one week in the Academy of Music, Baltimore, Md., beginning with the 24th, but a brief telegram, received on Friday last, announced the indefinite postponement of the season, owing to "the illness" of Wachtel in Philadelphia. This sudden attack of Herr Wachtel is timely, and leaves a fine field for the Kellogg Troupe, who open as a Grand Opera-horse on the 31st. Titiens is to follow soon after at the Academy. Advices of Jan. 16.

"KINDLY, GENTLY SPEAK TO MOTHER," Dank's last song, suitable for first-part, can be obtained from Roe Stephens, publisher, who advertises the orchestral parts free to all his songs.

ONE OF THE LADIES attached to the Richings Opera Troupe left a small cape in the Webster House, Gloucester, Mass., which she can obtain by communicating with the proprietor thereof.

A TEACHER OF MUSIC and brass band is wanted for Mme. Rentz's Female Minstrels. See M. B. Leavitt's advertisement.

GEO. H. COES' album of music, a collection of clog, reel and jig dances for violin or flute, has recently been issued by L. P. Goulland. See advertisement.

LE GRAND, who is with Chas. Foster's opera company, is meeting with success in the West. We are informed that the manager intends visiting all the larger Western cities. Missouri, Illinois and Kansas papers thus speak of Le Grand's performances:

Le Grand, with Charles Forbes' Combination, has our thanks for the excellent entertainment he gave us. As a character actor Le Grand has no superior.—*The Hannibal* (Mo.) *Daily Clipper.*

The clever and original creations by Le Grand were immense, and brought down the house with a perfect furor of applause.—*Decatur* (Ill.) *Daily Republican.*

Le Grand was in his element, and his witticisms brought down the house time and time again.—*The Moberly* (Mo.) *Daily.*

Le Grand's character songs and changes furnish the comic part of the entertainment, making him the favorite of the multitude.—*Moberly Daily Enterprise Monitor.*

The character singing of Le Grand, together with his great instrumental musical feats was received with rapturous applause. Screams of delight followed each act rendered by him.—*The Hannibal* (Mo.) *Clipper.*

Le Grand, in his character songs, won great applause from the audience, and as a fop he outreaches them all, having a fine silk handerchief for "each particular hair" of his moustache. As a character songster Le Grand is himself, having off the fun.—*The Daily Tribune,* Lawrence, Kansas.

Le Grand in his character sketches, songs, etc., proves himself to be equal to the *very best* in his line.—*The Commonwealth,* Topeka, Kansas.

Le Grand, the character artist, is a show in himself, and is the peer of the best.—*The Herald,* Leavenworth, Kan.

Le Grand is a "brick." As a character artist and comic vocalist he has no superior, among the peripatetics at least. His impersonation of the old gentleman the blubbering school-boy were inimitable. He carried the house by storm.—*Topeka* (Kansas) *Daily Times.*

THE BERGER FAMILY and Sol Smith Russell opened their engagement at Masonic Temple, Baltimore, Md., to a large audience on Jan. 10, and business continued very fine during the week. The Baltimore press speaks as follows of this company:

THE BERGER FAMILY and SOL SMITH RUSSELL.—The charming artists of the Berger Family were received by a large and enthusiastic audience last night at Masonic Temple. Their musical entertainment is exceedingly attractive, and Sol S. Russell is amusingly amusing.—*Baltimore Sun,* Jan. 11.

THE BERGERS.—The opening concert of the week by the Berger Combination at Masonic Temple last night was attended by a fair audience, but, in character and numbers, was decidedly complimentary to the company. The performance was one of the brightest and most entertaining imaginable. There is a great deal of musical ability and culture in the troupe, and the programme is diversified with fine, discriminating taste. Its pervading merit is that there is nothing dull or hackneyed about it, the numbers are all carefully selected, and of the sensational order of praise. Miss Anna Berger's cornet-solos developed a mastery of the instrument that is surprising, and that won repeated applause. Mr Sol Smith Russell gave some very amusing comic portraitures.—*Daily American,* Jan. 11.

THE BERGERS AND SOL RUSSELL.—The entertainments by this troupe are attended by splendid audiences, and afford rare and refined enjoyment. * * *—*Evening News,* Jan. 11.

THE BERGER FAMILY and Sol S. Russell gave their first entertainment at Masonic Temple last night to a very large and fashionable audience, and a better satisfied and more delighted audience has rarely been seen at any performance in this city. From the beginning to the end the entertainment was a continued round of novelty, being a most attractive exchange of delicious music, handsome ladies, elegant dressing, and as droll and well-sustained humor as ever convulsed an audience.—*Gazette,* Jan. 11.

VARIETY HALLS.

BUSINESS at the Odeon Variety Theatre, Newark, N. J., the past week has been excellent. The new appearances Jan. 10 were Add Weaver and John Harris in plantation sketches that were splendidly done, La Belle Victoria in a very neat trapeze act; "Whimsical" Walker in his act entitled "Daddy Longlegs," creating no little laughter; Mlle. Eva in tight-rope performances, showing great skill; and John and Maggie Fielding in their musical specialties, the last named receiving five and six encores each night. The departures 15 were "Whimsical" Walker and Mlle. Eva, to New York, and Christine Percy. To open 17: Thomas and Meaney and Ada Young. ....At the Metropolitan there was a very noticeable falling-off in the attendance during last week. The new people 10 were Andy Collom, who during his last visit established a reputation which he fully maintained this time, and Ashley and Smith in skate performances. Mlle. D'Omer was presented with a handsome gold and silver belt at her benefit on Jan. 14, when Ned Wambold, Harry Cliffert, Prof. and Baby Bindley were the volunteers, in addition to the regular company. Closures 15 were Andy Collom, to Pastor's, New York; Mons. and Mlle. D'Omer, Louisville, Ky.; Miss Belmont, New York; Ashley and Smith and Ada Laurent, to Boston; and Lulu Richmond. Announced for 17 are Prof. and Baby Bindley, Herr Weiffenbach, Harry Thorn, Virginia Stickney, Francis and Norton, and Miss De Motte.....J. F. Fields of Fields & Sharpley opens for two weeks at Conway's Variieties, Hartford, Ct., 17.....The Nutt and Zanfretta Pantomime Company is billed for Jan. 19, 20, 21, at the Opera-house. Advices of Jan. 15.

THE NEW CENTRAL THEATRE, Baltimore, Md., presented a good bill of attractions for the week ending Jan. 15, embracing Mlle. Zittella in vocal selections, Worden and Mack in song-and-dance, W. H. Rice in burlesque prima-donna business, Frank Marra in Irish song, jig and clog, Maggie Grey in vocalisms, Minnie Jackson (for the first time in the city) in light-song-and-dance. The latter, although possessing more than ordinary requisites in face and figure, lacks vocal strength and endurance, which unfits her for this class of business. The afterpiece was "The Pirates of the Chesapeake," with W. T. Melville in the leading role of Snake, supported by E. H. Chester, J. S. Smith, W. H. Egan, B. S. Hodges, W. H. Bent, Jee Miller, Miss Fannie Prestige, Miss Ida Floyd, Miss Rosie Lloyd, Miss Hattie Hastings, Miss Sallie Clinetop, Miss Lillie Francis, Miss Lizzie Wilson and others of the regular company. The Gem Troupe also gave the "ballet of Swiss," the departures on the 15th were Mlle. Zittella, Worden and Mack and W. H. Rice. The new faces 17 are to be Miss Emma Brennan, the three Turners, and Cressly and Elder.....At the Odeon Variieties the new faces for the week past were Orlando Lee in songs, Cody Bannon in dances, Nellie Bonnie in songs of the period, Barney Ferguson in song-and-dance, Murphy and Shannon in their popular specialties of "Lizzie Banme" and "The German Team," and the Monzart Sisters in songs. The departures were Murphy and Shannon to Norfolk, Va., where they open on the 26th, and the Monzart Sisters, to New York, to join the Haywood Combination. The new cards for the 17th are, Harry Constantine and Harry Le Claire, female impersonators, and Jessie Howard, vocalist.....On Saturday evening, Jan. 8, the Centennial Varieties, which was recently closed by some litigation, was reopened under the management of J. Coll & Co., with the Mooney Family, Carter Brothers, Ned Everhart, Harry Wilson, Little Lotta, John Brassel and Emma Decenda as the cards. Letter of Jan. 16.

FROM THE CARROLLTON VARIETIES, Fall River, Mass., the departures Jan. 15 were the Carlow Brothers, Frank and Carrie Alvarez, the Akons and Fanny Montague. To arrive Jan. 17: Guy Linton, Lucy Adams, W. H. Vane, the Cooper Brothers, Emma Howe and John Hines.

LUKE LOCKE and Yamadiva, having just returned from their South American trip, are open for engagements. They can be secured by applying to their advertised address.

AT THE NEW PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, L. I., the bill of the week ending Jan. 15 comprised Harry Sheldon in feats of juggling and balancing, Thomas and Lottie Winnett in their Teutonic specialties, Emerson and Clarke in their new and entitled "The Disgusted Lovers," Jennie Engle in serio-comic songs, Sandford and Wilson in negro sketches, Mlle. Lauretta and the Leopold Brothers in gymnastic act "The Ladder of Life," previous to which Chas. Leopold appeared in a single act, entitled "At Home in the Air." The Associated Managers' Ballet Troupe, led by Betty Rammelsberg, gave a ballet termed "The Seven Passions," and also appeared in the second act of the concluding drama, "The Quicksands of Life." Business satisfactory. The same talent in a new programme is retained for this week.

JOHN WILLIAMS, the Lancashire lad, song-and-dance specialty artist, has been engaged for the season at Hooley's Opera-house, Brooklyn, N. Y. He will play a short engagement at the Theatre Comique, Washington, D. C., commencing Feb. 14.

THE CARLYLES, acrobats and gymnasts, who are now appearing in this city in their equilibristic and other acts, desire engagements for the tenting season and with variety theatres. See card.

MANAGER LONG of Mozart Hall, Ind., which is open all year round, advertises for female talent.

THE ROUTE of Washburn's Last Sensation is as follows: Huntingdon, Pa., Jan. 19, Hollidaysburg 20, Altoona 21, Clearfield 22, Philipsburg 24, Tyrone 25, Bellefonte 26, Lock Haven 27, Williamsport 28. Business is reported good.

THE NEW PEOPLE at the Theatre Comique, Providence, R. I., the past week were Katie Forrest, whose personal appearance is good, but her vocalism rather weak. She appears to much better advantage as a dancer, in which capacity her efforts were well received. Lulu Mortimer made a good impression in her serio-comic songs. Quitter and Goldrich in their suspender act should be credited as giving something new and taking. They were loudly applauded. Huber and Goldrich would have been a complete success had they omitted their attempts to be funny by nonsensical antics and ridiculously flat dialogue. As performers upon musical instruments they are excellent. The stage-manager, William Harris, took his first benefit here on the afternoon and evening of 14. The attendance on both occasions was large. In the evening he was presented by James Kelley, in behalf of the company and some outside friends, with a handsome cameo-ring. A novel feature of the performance was an oyster-opening contest by two experts of this city—John Paine and W. Lowney. It was won by the former, who opened 138 oysters in eight minutes, beating his opponent by four. The volunteer performers were Coffee and Baxter, who acquitted themselves creditably in songs-and-dances, and J. Kavanaugh, who was rather tedious in his Irish sketches. The departures 15 were Lew and Pauline Parker to New York; Huber and Gliddon, to St. Johns; and Katie Forrest. For this week Sam Martin and the Laiscelle Brothers are announced. Letter of Jan. 16.

FLYNN'S GLOBE THEATRE, New Orleans, La., has since our last report done an unusual business, the houses being packed at each performance, and each performer has been received apparently with enthusiastic satisfaction. On Jan. 10 the announcement of strong attractions again filled the house to every available inch of standing-room. The performance opened with a sketch entitled "Nature and Philosophy," which was well received. J. H. Larkin and Carrie Armstrong have been greeted with applause in their Dutch sketches and songs-and-dances during the week. Tim Morris and J. R. Weaver have given some excellent Ethiopian sketches. Jennie Burdell well retains her popularity in vocal selections. Mlle. Albertine still remains a favorite in her fancy-dances. The other names on the bills embrace the Misses Amelia Dean, Minnie Gray, Ella Heflin, Maggie Hunter, Lizzie and Dollie Hempstine, Jennie Misco, La Pauline, John L. Manning, George Barnum, Misco and Ashton, Charles Gallagher, and others. The performances conclude with a sketch introducing the cancan and "The Female Bathers." Letter of Jan. 11.

ANOTHER BRILLIANT WEEK at the Howard, Boston, Mass., and another succession of large houses. For this week the new additions are Carrie and Charles Austin, Walters and Morton, Ada Laurent, Weslyn and Casey, Ashley and Smith, Mrs. Whittingham and Master Newman, Carrie Bosheil and Lillie Hall, while D. L. Morris, Scanlon and Cronin and Harry Bloodgood continue.....The newcomers at the Boylston-house museum are Jennie Cameron at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., and open at Tony Pastor's New Theatre, this city, on the 17th.

LURLINE "the Water Queen" and "the Big Four"—Lester, Allen, Smith and Waldron—have been engaged by Tony Pastor for his forthcoming traveling troupe, commencing April 3.

FIRST-CLASS PERFORMERS, burlesque combinations or sensational dramatic stars, desiring to arrange for an appearance at the Palace Opera-house, San Francisco, Cal., during the season of 1876-7 are referred to Col. J. H. Wood's card, in our business department.

THE BLOSSOMS—Nat and Barnetta—Ethiopian sketch and song-and-dance artists, etc., advertise their address in this issue.

FERDINAND HAFNER and Miss Scharlott, Tyrolean Warblers and English and German vocalists in character songs, can be engaged by addressing as per card.

MAGGIE WESTON, genteel impersonator of the swells of the period, can be engaged to fill dates after Feb. 1. She can be addressed care of this office.

AT THE ADELPHI, Albany, N. Y., business continues large, while the performances given continue pleasing and enjoyable. The arrivals Jan. 10 were Emma Rice, May Howes, Fanny Reynolds, Frankie Johnson, Crumley and De Forest, Holbrook and Hughes, and the Hemph Family. The departures 15 were the Clark Brothers, to Hartford; May Howes, Emma Rice and Holbrook and Hughes, to New York; and Carter Brothers, destination unknown. To open 17: John Riley, Carrie and Frank Lavarnie, Fanny Monaque, George and Cherrie Garland. Letter of Jan. 16.

NO NEW FACES were seen at the Theatre Comique, St. Louis, Mo., during the past week; but the performances of the old company gave satisfaction. Departures 15: Baker and Doyle, to Louisville, Ky.; Mr. Wheeler, Memphis, Tenn.; Delmore and Corthorse Children in their Irish and German acts, Sallie Mason in serio-comic songs, and Harry Clifford in his drama of "Slippery Jake." Lottie Grant was billed to appear, but failed to do so. Hurley and Marr close 15; no positive destination. The D'Omers and Homer and Wolfy are billed for 17.

MAHERIA WARE and James Collins, now performing in their specialties at Tony Pastor's New Theatre, can be engaged by applying to the address published elsewhere in this issue.

MISS ELOISE ALLEN, balladist, now vocalising at Tony Pastor's New Theatre, this city, is open for engagement through her agents, E. W. Woolcott & Co., who advertise.

TOMMY DELMANO, who was stabbed in Philadelphia on the 5th inst., has been pronounced by his attending physician to be out of danger.

THE VARIETY THEATRE at the corner of Eleventh and Wood streets, Philadelphia, has been rechristened the "Theatre Comique," and under that title was reopened on the evening of the 18th inst. under the management of Al McCool, and with Lou Fraser as the stage-manager. The opening company included Walter Wentworth, Johnny Mack, Harry Butler, Johnny Norton, Flora Laconetta, Lou Fraser, Little Nellie, Flora Mack, Katie Pearl, Julia Beaufort, Carine Bernard, and "The Female Minstrels," introducing twenty young ladies.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL, Philadelphia, there appears to be no falling-off in the attractions provided, the novelties for the past week consisting of the specialties of Prof. Mitchell, Miss Lida Kenyon, Ed. Murray and Alice Ross, W. H. Bray, and Mons. Grossi's new ballet of "The Female Jockeys." Prof. Mitchell displays some really astounding feats of fire-eating. Miss Lida Kenyon's serio-comic songs and the Dutch comicalities of W. H. Bray were well received. Ed. Murray and Alice Ross received much applause in their sketch of "Old and Young," rendering their respective songs cleverly. The ballet of "The Female Jockeys" served as an admirable medium for introducing the terpsichorean diversions of Miles. De Ross, Elise and Leontine, Miss Sallie Apt and an appropriately and handsomely costumed ballet-corps. The comic local drama of "The Shop Girls of Philadelphia," with George W. Thompson, Harry Richmond and Sallie Apt in the principal parts, brought the entertainment to a close. Tierney and Cronin and Crossley and Elder closed Jan. 15. Reynolds and Ashton, Sam Devere, Billy Carroll, G. B. Harcourt and Kate O'Conner, and "Tableaux Vivants" are announced for the 17th inst.

THE USUAL DULLNESS consequent just after the holidays has not yet appeared at Shelby's Adelphi, Louisville, N. Y. On Jan. 10 Jolly Nash, Bertie Rinehart, Coral Leigh, the Empire Children, Ione Lane, Lena Lillian, Thos. Jackson and Dixon and Udell, all new faces, made up a fine bill. Jolly Nash made a hit, receiving nightly six or seven encores. Ione Lane did several songs in good style. The departures 15 were Bertie Rinehart, to Washington, and Dixon and Udell, destination not known. Announced for 17: Lurline and Watson and the Collins Brothers. Letter of Jan. 15.

AT THE ADELPHI, Chicago, Ill., Felix and Eva Vincent have played in "The Organ-grinder," a somewhat inconsequential piece, whose chief attraction is the excellent personation of the leading characters by these two talented artists. The support furnished was generally good; noticably so that by Harry Little, a very promising young actor, and by Miss Millie Sackett, who, with a little more attention to delivery, will be still more pleasing. Maurice Pike was also excellent as Xavier. The olio preceding the drama was unusually good. The new faces were Lizzie Kelsey, serio-comic, who sets off a good voice with a fine stage-appearance; Lizzie Warren in songs-and-dances—very fair; and Walter Bray, comedian in two good sketches, assisted by C. O. White. James and Dolly Emerson were billed, but failed to appear. The rest of the programme consisted of the excellent trapeze performance of the Loyales and the dancing of Tillie Antonio. Departures 15: The Loyals, Felix and Eva Vincent. Arrivals 17: Den Thompson, the Rouselle Brothers, the Leopold Brothers, Delehanty and Cummings, the Grinnell Children, Giovanni, the Hamilton Sisters, Harry Talbot, Chas. Diamond, and a numerous corps of ladies for a female-minstrel scene called "The Court of Beauty." Advices of Jan. 15.

VARIETY NEWS from Cincinnati to the 14th is sent as appended by our correspondent: "At the National Theatre Comique the new appearances on the 10th were the Stewart Sisters, clever duettists and clog-dancers; Western and Waring, double dance and sketch artists; and Shepherd and Whitney, song-and-dance men. The sensational drama of 'Pongo the South Sea Ape,' with Ed. Monta as Pongo, formed the afterpiece. Business has been rather light, and would probably be improved by a resumption of the dramatic features of the entertainments. The departures 15 will be Alice D'Erina, for Cleveland; Andy and Annie Hughes, for Toledo; Clark Gibbs, for Philadelphia; and Mlle. Garretta, Ed. Monta and young Apollo, for Chicago. On the 17th Mr. and Mrs. Snow Childers and Ida Carlisle.....At the Grand Central Rob. V. Ferguson and Sallie Mason closed, the latter going to Louisville. Willie Hendley, Lu Leonora, and Gibbons and Davenport have opened. Biz moderate. .....At the El Dorado the new appearances this week were Rob. V. Ferguson, James Roberts and Emma Sullin. Oscar and Kate Shindler close this week, going to Chicago."

LADY DANCERS and two end-men are wanted by Walter Dare, whose address find in another column.

AT MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN, Philadelphia, the new appearances during the week ending Jan. 15 were Kline and Franklin, clever Dutch specialformers, Miss Emma Gertrude, danseuse, and the Summerfels Family in their vocal specialities.

BLANCHE SELWYN, Ben Gilfoil, Miss Jennie Sothern, Harrington and McGlone, and Manchester and Jennings were the latest fresh appearances at Trimble's, Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 10.

THE TREVOLLI, Peoria, Ill., collapsed Jan. 11..... The Theatre Comique is still doing a good business, and the performances are very creditable. No new arrivals and no departures. The company being large, Mr. Roberts is enabled to open a place with other companies here, and gained many more friends during the past week. Signor Liberati now plays the cornet in the orchestra, and, being the best soloist in the city, he is a great success. Closing 15 are Ida Carlisle, for Cincinnati; Geo. K. Fortescue, New York; and Mlle. Garretta, De Grau, Toledo. The following are announced for 17: Jeppe and Fannie Delano, Victorelli Bros., Annie Braddon, Little Eldon. Biz is very large, the ladies' night at the Adelphi growing in favor. Advices of Jan. 15.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., did a prosperous business during the week. The new appearances were J. Holmes Grover Jr. (so advertised) in the drama "I O U," Cotton and Bridque in songs-and-dances, Jennie Eastman skipping-rope dances, Josie Farron in fancy dances, and Miss Edna Manley in operatic selections. Mr. Grover is exceedingly youthful, as to his attempts to personate five different characters of various nationalities, is somewhat crude. He has all the assurance of a trained professional, but displays less knowledge of the requirements of an actor than an inexperienced amateur. Barney Williams has been engaged, and appears in a new comic sketch entitled "The Coming Man." J. Holmes Grover Jr. was the only departure Jan. 15. The "Great" Curry closed on the 11th on account of the death of his father. The announcements for Jan. 17 are the Gaylord Brothers, Harry Lee, Dave Oakes and W. T. Melville. Advices of Jan. 16.

BILLY ANDREWS and the Belmonts publish their address in this issue.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

THE CALIFORNIA MINSTRELS, from Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, gave three entertainments at Masonic Temple, Louisville, Ky., Jan. 13, 14, 15. Nancy & Hite all companies managed by J. H. Haverly, they drew crowded houses. The company is not large, and is somewhat deficient in specialty performers; but, nevertheless, they give a fine and amusing performance. Orlando Marsh, Frank Converse, Jr., Jerry in "The Skidmore Guards," Billy Rice's lecture on astronomy, Arlington, Rice, Cotton and Oberist in interludes, and the Reynolds Brothers in song-and-dance constituted a programme worth seeing. They opened in Cincinnati on the 13th. Letter of Jan. 14.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Chicago, Ill., the "Original Georgia Minstrels" held their own, and furnish an attractive programme. Callender's Georgia Minstrels, at the New Chicago Theatre, draw good houses to witness their elegant and refined entertainment, which is one of the very best. The first part is artistically rendered, and many of the songs are redemanded. Letter of Jan. 15.

THE CALIFORNIA MINSTRELS were billed to commence a season of eight nights at Robinson's Opera-house, Cincinnati, O., on the 14th. J. H. Haverly is manager.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS performed in Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 10, Rochester 11, Syracuse 12, Utica 13, Troy 14, Albany 15, and are to open in Boston, Mass., 17, for two weeks.

THE NORTH CAROLINIANS, a party of ex-slaves, appeared at the Opera-house, Columbus, O., Jan. 11, 12, 13, in their specialties of slave-songs, music, etc. Business was very light on the opening night, and failed to improve. They are billed at Lancaster, O., 17, 18.

MIKE RENZ'S FEMALE MINSTRELS were in Jefferson City, Mo., Jan. 10, Sedalia 11, Fort Scott, Kas., 12, Kansas City, Mo., 13, 14, Lawrence, Kas., 15, and are billed in Topeka 17, Leavenworth 18, Atchison 19, St. Joseph, Mo., 20, 21, Brownsville, Neb., 22, Nebraska City 24, Lincoln 25, Omaha 26, 27, Council Bluffs, Ia., 28, Sioux City 29.

W. H. STRACKLAND is referred to Neil Bryant's card in another column.

A BURLESQUE on the "American District Telegraph," Rugby (not Dan) Dougherty's clever burlesque speech on "Oratory," and Eugene's operatic vocalism, were the novel features of the programme presented by Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels, Philadelphia, during the week ending Jan. 15. J. L. Carncross will be the recipient of a complimentary benefit on the 20th inst., when a special programme will be presented, introducing four end-men—Dougherty, Wheeler, Dixey and Talbot.

CAL. WAGNER'S MINSTRELS were in Wheeling, W. Va., Jan. 11, Washington, Pa., 12, Steubenville, O., 13, New Castle 14, Sharon 15, and are billed in Youngstown 17, Cleveland 18, Meadville, Pa., 19, Oil City 20, Titusville 21, Syracuse, N. Y., 29, Oswego 31.

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS open at Ford's Opera-house, Washington, D. C., Jan. 17, for one week, thence to Baltimore for a like period.

KELLY & LEON presented an unusually interesting programme Jan. 14 in Fort Wayne, Ind., the features of the whole being "The Two Old 'Uns," a funny piece of "nigger biz" being rare, Kelly, Leon and Surridge making the strongest burlesque team on the stage. A crowded house greeted the party, and the entire bill gave the greatest satisfaction. John Warner has been put in the entrance agent, Bonta from there: Logansport 15, Lafayette 17, Danville, Ill., 18, Vincennes, Ind., 19, Evansville 20.

THE COMMONWEALTH MINSTRELS have been reorganized, and the company includes Phelps and Richardson, cloggists; A. J. Bancroft, S. W. Allen, A. Benham, C. Purrington, T. J. Magher, John T. Pordi, W. G. Reeves A. D. Gates, A. C. Prantzey, Prof. R. W. Scoville, leader of band; and Prof. C. B. Leck, leader of orchestra.

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS gave entertainments at the Richmond (Va.) Theatre Jan. 12, 13, 14, to crowded houses. The company is a good one, but there were several very objectionable features in the negro-wench business—so much so that on two nights several gentlemen and ladies left the theatre during the performance. The singing of Messrs. Freeth, Wheeling and Adams, the specialities of T. M. Hengler and Adams and Lee were deserving of special mention. Low Benedict held his own, with the exception of a powerbelial weakness to laugh too much at his own gags. Prof. Herwig's imitations on the violin was one of the most attractive features. Letter of Jan. 16.

WM. S. COTTON, only son of Billy Cotton (comedian) and Minnie Cotton, died in Chicago, Ill., at ten o'clock P. M. on Jan. 11, at the age of three weeks and three days.

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS, at their hall in Brooklyn, have given during the past week, in addition to the regular first-part, the sketches "The Other Fellow," "Two Boys," and "The Corsican Brothers," and a shadow pantomime entitled "A Trip to the Moon." Bernardo, in female impersonations, J. K. Campbell in a stump-speech, and John Williams, a dancer of more than unusual excellence, completed the bill. Attendance fair.

AT THE ARCH-STREET OPERA-HOUSE, Philadelphia, an entire change of programme was given by Simmons, Slocum & Sweetman's Minstrels during the week ending Jan. 15, concluding with a screaming burlesque by Bob Hart, entitled "A Lad Let In, or Give Us Another Lamp," in which Lew Simmons, George Thatcher and the author thereof figured amusingly. E. N. Slocum's burlesque of "The Great City, or Across the Plains," will be revived this week.

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HORTICULTURAL HALL, Philadelphia, has been secured during the month of April next by a band of genuine colored minstrels from Georgia.

CARNCROSS & DIXEY'S, and Simmons, Slocum & Sweetman's Minstrels of Philadelphia, each announce a burlesque on Jules Verne's story; one being entitled "Around the World in Fifty Minutes," and the other "Around the World in Twenty Minutes."

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DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS are meeting with success during their Western tour, and the press of that section of the country thus testifies to the excellence of their performance:

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S GREAT MINSTRELS at BRICK POMEROY'S Opera-house, a very large audience greeted the appearance of Duprez & Benedict's famous burnt-cork artists last evening. The performance was an extra ordinarily good one, and gave much satisfaction. Dancing was loudly encored and highly admired. The two end-men were irresistibly funny. The comic banjo business and the farces were perfectly immense.—*La Crosse* (Wis.) *Daily Republican,* Jan. 8.

AUSTIN OPERA-HOUSE.—The great minstrel musicians Duprez & Benedict sustained their great reputation last night. The house was packed, and at 7 o'clock, and, without eating or sleeping, appeared on the boards. The music was admirable and the songs and acting inimitable. The burlesque opera and the farces were more several very objectionable features in the negro-wench business—so much so that on two nights several gentlemen and ladies left the theatre during the performance. The singing of Messrs. Freeth, Wheeling and Adams, the specialities of T. M. Hengler and Adams and Lee were deserving of special mention. Low Benedict held his own, with the exception of a powerbelial weakness to laugh too much at his own gags. Prof. Herwig's imitations on the violin was one of the most attractive features. Letter of Jan. 16.

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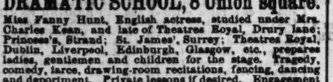

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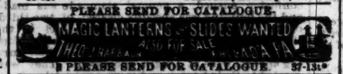

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33	Cure for Dogueties, Comedy, 3	17	5
34	The Cabin Boy, Drama, 2	10	4
35	To Stole the Spoons, Farce, 1	9	4
36	Mrs. Sarah Gamp's Tea and Turn Out, Farce, 1	3	3
37	The Village Doctor, Drama, 3	4	3
38	Family Pride, Comedy, 5	4	4
39	Queen Mary, Drama, 5	44	7
40	The Three Grocers, Comedy, 2	5	5
41	The Race Ball, Farce, 1	6	1

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35	A Woman Will be a Woman, 1	1	1
36	Caught in His Own Toils, 1	5	2
37	Comedy in Florence, 1	2	2
38	Lucy's Love Lesson, 1	2	1
39	A Game of Billiards, Temp. Sketch, 1	1	2
40	The Wrong Bottle, Temp. Sketch, 1	2	1
41	A Lyrical Lover, Comedietta, 1	1	1
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8	Tootle, Tootle, Too, Musical Sketch, 1	1	1
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10	Mulcahy's Cat, Irish Sketch, 1	2	1
11	Dot Quied Lotgings, Dutch Sketch, 1	5	2
12	All in Dot Family, Dutch Sketch, 1	4	2
13	Who Got the Pig? Irish Sketch, 1	2	1
14	A Mad Astronomer, Musical Sketch, 1	2	1
15	A Pury Sure Cure, Irish Sketch, 1	2	1
16	I Love Your Wife, Musical Sketch, 1	1	1
17	The Guid Man's Coat Tails, Irish Sketch, 1	3	1
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